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ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

On the Scheme of an American Language.

WHAT is called the *amor patriæ*, the national spirit, operates with wonderful force and in many ways. As to the rectitude and usefulness of this passion, it can only be approved, like other passions, when strictly disciplined and limited. Its usual effects, like those of other passions, are, from the deplorable imperfections of human nature, absurd and pernicious.

I have lately had occasion to observe the influence of this spirit in one of its most remarkable and faulty forms. Some of those among us who devote themselves to letters, are extremely anxious that, as we are politically independent and distinct from other nations, we should likewise be so in literature and language. They are ambitious of obtaining, not only a national individuality in policy and jurisdiction, not only a government that shall be American, but likewise an American *language*. For this end, they think grammars and dictionaries should be compiled by natives of the country, not of the British or English, but of the *American* tongue.

Whatever may be said in favour of fostering the spirit of jealousy and animosity to foreign nations in a political sense, seems totally out of place in relation to science. Language is the vehicle of knowledge; but diversity of language is the greatest obstacle to its progress; and every one sincerely studious of the happiness of mankind at large, in which, of course, that of his native country is included, will labour, not to multiply or raise higher, but to lessen and obliterate these obstacles.

It is a sublime lesson, taught in the Hebrew scriptures, that diversity of language was introduced to weaken, disperse, and annihilate the power, by retarding the knowledge, and by disuniting the efforts of the species; but this evil, like other evils inflicted by heaven, we are permitted to repair and diminish in some degree, and surely it is every good man's duty to exert himself for this end.

Nothing more delights and exalts the imagination than the thought of all mankind talking and writing one language; and I, for my part, have reflected upon few things with more pleasure than what may, with

good reason, be predicted, the diffusion of the English lineage and language through the whole extent of North-America, and over hundreds of millions of the human race. Instead of any efforts to insulate ourselves from our ancestors and contemporaries in this respect, we should direct all our labours to the opposite purpose.

Language is, unhappily, too mutable. A few leagues distance, and a few years lapse, introduce numerous changes. Three things tend to prevent and remove those differences: unity of government, and intimate communication, tend to counteract the influence of *place*; writing, and printing, to check the influence of time. The wonderful efficacy of these causes, is evident in the history of the Latin language, in the assimilation which is every day increasing among the languages of Europe, and in the prevalence of the same tongue in the British Isles, Bengal, and Kentucky.

The English being a literary tongue, has acquired a permanence unknown to dialects merely oral. The popular and celebrated writers of this nation, are the depositories of this language. Books are the only adequate authority for the use of words. Examples and illustrations of words and their significations, are no where else to be found. Whence, then, but from English books, from the writings of Englishmen, is the maker of an American dictionary to draw his materials, and what is it but a petty and puerile, because verbal distinction, that will have the language to be called American, merely because it is spoken on this, as well as on the other side of the Atlantic? If one dialect be common to both, why not call it by a common name?

The *name* of a language is, indeed, derived from the name of place, but not from that which the speakers may, at any time, chance to inhabit. As the speakers change or enlarge their residence, they have never yet thought proper to change or new-modify the name of their language. The Greeks of old conquered and colonized the opposite shores of Asia and Italy, just as the English of later times have conquered and colonized America; but, though Italy and Asia became independent of Greece at one time, and its sovereigns at another, the language spoken and written at Marseilles, Syracuse, and Antioc, continued still to be called *Greek*; not that in these three cities the dialect was absolutely *one*, but the diversities were far outweighed by the similarities, and by no means justified a change of name.

The Romans extended their sovereignty over many nations, but their language, originally the provincial dialect of Latium, of which Rome was a subordinate district, continued to be called Latin, though read and spoken by those born and resident on the Rhine, the Nile, and the Severn. Nay, it still retains that name, though no longer spoken in Latium itself. Buchanan the Scot, Erasmus the Hollander, and Casimer the Pole, all wrote Latin, as the future bards of Potowmac and Messouri shall be said to write English.

If our language ought not to be called English, yet there is evident absurdity flowing from the same principles in calling it American, since this is not the language of *America*, a country which stretches nearly from one pole to the other, but of a small portion of its north-eastern coast. To call the dialect of the United States by this name, is much more absurd than to call that of South-Britain the *European* language, for the latter is not more disproportioned to Europe than the United States to America. The dialects of Canada, Louisiana, Brazil, Mexico, and Peru, and the

jargon of the thousand tribes of Paraguay and Sonora, have, at least, as good a claim to the appellation as our own.

Besides, I wonder these fastidious critics should admit the word American for any use, and that when the name of English is taken from our language, they do not deprive our country of an appellation borrowed from the name of a *Florentine*, merely because he was the first visitant; especially as, in truth, he was *not* the first visitant, and certainly never visited *our* portion of the New World.

The most suitable name imaginable for our country, would be that which is now appropriated only to a part of it: I mean *New-England;* and if there were really any legitimate grounds for a distinction, if the English *east* and *west* of the ocean were actually different, the only proper innovation would demand the one to be called *old*, and the other *new English.*

But to drop any further consideration of the name by which our speech shall be called, let us reflect a moment upon the differences supposed to exist between the *cis*-atlantic and the *trans*-atlantic English. These must consist in different *words* or in different *meanings* to the same words. But what differences are there in these respects to justify a change of name? If there is no essential difference, if the languages on both shores be *one*, there seems a manifest absurdity in giving them *two* names.

How is the existence of any difference to be ascertained? Is the criterion of the language to be saught in the *oral*, the *colloquial* forms of speech? If so, what province or district is to furnish the speakers between Georgia and Massachusetts? Every state, every town, every village has a *speech* of its own. Diversities have risen from the nature of man, who is at once a slave to novelty and to habit; from Indian vicinity; from intermixture of emigrants of different nations, and, particularly in the southern states, from converse with negroes; but these diversities every one will admit to be *gross corruptions*, and will look, if he looks any where among the talkers, among the higher, and the best educated class, whose dialect is purified by intimate intercourse with English books.

The books from which a dictionary must be formed, are very few of them American; but, if a man expects to find in those few so many peculiarities as to warrant the imposing of a new name upon their dialect, he will be greatly mistaken. Peculiarities, no doubt, he will find, but these are not national, but personal property. They are the inventions and favourite embellishments of the authors, and not the language of his village, or county, or state. Their acceptance or rejection, therefore, must rest upon his authority.

But many words and phrases by which such a writer is commonly distinguished from the writers of the times of Queen Ann and George the first, are neither national nor personal property, but are the fruit of an universal progress or change, which time and the new relations of policy and commerce, have introduced into English, and are equally to be found in the pamphleteers and popular writers on either side of the atlantic. How far these innovations should be admitted into the substance and structure of the language, is a question of moment and difficulty; but however this question be decided, the change, if any take place, must affect the whole mass.

The English tongue has doubtless been somewhat modified by time, but has likewise been enlarged by the diffusion of the English race

over the continents of India and America. New political appellations, and names of new places, new offices, and new things, must be added to the old vocabulary. Afghan and Mohock, Kennebeck and Owhyhee, may, in some sense, be said to have become English words, since they are in established use among Englishmen. So, likewise, Congress, President, Capitol, on the one hand, and *Presidency*, Nabob, and Musnud, on the other; and, in these cases, it is evident that the change, if addition be change, is made in the whole language. These words are just as much parts of the English tongue, as Winchester, Admiralty, and Throne; for these, and no other, are familiarly used by the talkers and writers of English, to denote the things to which they belong.

These and similar terms are, indeed, technical and scientific. They must be placed in an English dictionary as such, and be conceived to augment the language just as *phlogiston* and *caloric* augment it. Any other species of American words, are manifest corruptions; and, to embalm these by the lexicographic process, would only be waste of time and abuse of talents.

C.

For the Monthly Magazine.

Will Christianity ever become Universal?

THE most accurate computers of the numbers of mankind do not assign to this globe more than six hundred and forty millions of men. It is remarkable that one form of government, religion, language, and manners, prevails over *half* of the whole number, for the lowest estimates will make the Chinese amount to three hundred and twenty millions, and that is *half* of the human species. The Chinese religion may be termed Paganism.

Of the remainder, a very small portion, and these in the most savage state, may likewise be termed Pagans; that is, their religion has risen by chance, is undigested into any written form, is without simplicity or uniformity, is vague, fleeting, and traditionary. Such are the aborigines of America and New-Holland, those who occupy the new-found isles, the wastes of Northern-Asia, and the African interior. The whole number of such may be liberally stated at twenty millions.

The remainder, who may be called civilized nations, will include one half of the whole species. These are possessed of religions, which, in contradistinction to the other which has only a mutable, motly, traditional, and *oral* existence, may be termed *scriptural*. The subjects of this species of belief may be distributed into three parts:

1. The Hindoos, or followers of Brahma, who may be estimated at eighty millions:

2. The Mahometans, scattered through Western-Asia, Northern-Africa, and India, cannot amount to more than sixty millions:

3. The Christians, including all the variety of sects, including the Greeks of Turkey and Russia, and the colonists and converts in America, will not exceed one hundred and sixty millions.

From these facts, some interesting conclusions may be drawn. It will first appear that only *one fourth* of the human race can be denominated christians. Those who, like me, believe that the christian faith is necessary to the present and future happiness of man, must reflect upon so great a disproportion with much regret. There are not wanting, however, some facts, which, impartially considered, will cheer us in the midst of our regrets.

In the first place, it is certain that the number of christians has been gradually increasing since the birth of their founder In the next place, it is, I think, extremely clear that, bating all universal changes and miraculous interferences propitious to this progress, which, by the way, we have good reason to expect, and supposing human affairs to go on upon common and established principles, the christian religion will proceed, in future, with a rapid progress; and that the whole human race, in a much less period than that which has already elapsed since its progress commenced, will become christians.

The history of our religion exhibits many vicissitudes and revolutions. Its progress for the three first centuries, during the flourishing period of Rome, was incessant and by very distinct degrees, till Romans, at length, and christians became synonimous terms. This empire, was overturned in Europe by the Goths, in Asia and Afric by the Arabs. These *civil* revolutions flowed from different causes. The first was occasioned merely by the barbarous and hostile spirit, and therefore produced only a temporary depression of religion. The conquerors became converts, and the Roman (or christian) *religion*, besides its former subjects, extended its empire over regions to the north and east, which had never been subjected to the Roman *empire*.

The Roman empire in Africa and Asia was subverted not only by barbarous license, but religious enthusiasm. The Roman religion, therefore, was extinguished in these provinces, together with the Roman empire.

I make no account of the Mahometan conquests in Spain, Sicily, and European Turkey. In these, the faith of Mahomet merely obtained a political ascendency; and, in the two former, even this ascendency has long since disappeared.

The numbers which the christian religion lost by the Mahometan conquests, it gained by the conversion of the Celts of Scotland and Ireland, and of the nations beyond the Rhine and the Baltic.

It would be an instructive exercise to trace out, upon a map, the boundaries of *Christendom* in the fourth century, the age of Constantius; and, in the sixteenth, the age of Charles the Fifth. Much of what was Pagan in the former period, was, at the latter, become christian; and much of what was formerly christian, has since become Mahometan.

Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, christianity has been rapidly progressive. It could not, indeed, enlarge its boundaries on the land side. Mahometanism was a barrier not to be broken through by violence, and not to be undermined by missionary labours, but the art of navigation opened an unbounded field for conquest to the east and west.

The trading nations found their way, on one side, to the extremities of Asia, and, on the other, to the regions of the western hemisphere. They carried, with their language and arms, their religion. In America, their mutual jealousies and competitions have somewhat, but not much, retarded their advancement. The field was so spacious, and the aboriginal possessors so feeble and so few, that no opposition worth mentioning has hitherto occurred, and nothing is more evident than that all America, comprising more than three-eighths of the habitable globe, will be, in process of time, pervaded with the language, manners, and *religion* of Europe.

Asia has exhibited a somewhat different scene. The balance has

been continually vibrating between the christian and the native powers, and between one christian nation and another. On whatever stage the Europeans have entered, they have entered in some sort together, and have industriously thwarted and obstructed the efforts of each other. There is nothing in that quarter of the globe that could effectually resist any one nation whose efforts were not embarrassed by its rivals; much less could opposition have been sustained against a coalition of the whole. If the Portuguese, Dutch, French, Spanish, or English had separately contended merely with the natives, or if they had fought in unison, all obstacles to their dominion would long ago have vanished.

But the Portuguese were followed by the Dutch, and, while these were bickering in the isles, the French and English struggled with each other for possession of the continent. Notwithstanding this struggle, Britain has made immense strides towards the sovereignty of the Hindoos, and there appears no room to question their future progress. Mahometanism has been politically ascendant in that country for three centuries, but the time is evidently hastening when it will expire at once in the Greek and the Hindoo peninsulas, and be supplanted by the christian faith.

Half of the human race, as I before mentioned, are Chinese Pagans. The thoughtful mind is flung into deep astonishment in contemplating the revolutions which, but for the sordid and malignant jealousies of the christian nations, would have been effected among that populous and civilized race of men during the three last centuries. In China, Japan, and Tunquin, christianity would, at this day, have been ascendant, and these states would have been as much in the *power* of the christians, as Bengal and the Circars are in that of the English, if the christians had aided, with half the zeal with which they have obstructed, each other. Imperial edicts were sufficient to check the growth of our religion in China, but to extinguish it in Japan, though so recently introduced, required a horrid series of civil wars and massacres.

Within forty years, a continent in the same moral and physical condition with desert America, has been found in the Southern Ocean. The same system of colonization, whose stupendous effects are visible in North-America, has begun to be pursued in relation to New-Holland. Who can doubt but that the same effects will follow from the same causes, and that these vast regions will, in no long time, exhibit just such a scene as is displayed upon the theatre of North-*Eastern*-America? That the English (and therefore the christian) language, manners, and *religion*, will spread itself without obstruction over all that immense space?

America and New-Holland will be found to be equal in extent to one half of the habitable globe. These regions can scarcely be said to be pre-occupied. The Europeans have gained exclusive and immutable possession. Their institutions, civil and religious, will follow them wherever they go. Population, from local circumstances, will advance with certain and rapid steps. Admitting (what, indeed, is incredible) that the christians will hereafter be stationary on the old continents; that the Russians will not carry themselves and their religion farther into Turkey, Persia, and Tartary; that the English will not absorb the Mogul power in Hindostan, nor encroach upon the Lhamic and Chinese territories; that the christian nations in general will abandon Africa to the Moors on one side, and the Caffres on the

other; admitting that they merely keep their footing in America and New-Holland, and continue to multiply merely by propagation; in what proportion are we *compelled* to believe the number of christians, on this globe, will bear to the rest of the species, when *New-Christendom*, if I may use the phrase, becomes as populous as the old?

Christian Europe, though many parts of it are incultivable, and no part is as well peopled as a wise government would make it, contains at the rate of fifty persons to a square mile. Christian America and New-Holland, when peopled at the same low rate, will contain one thousand millions of people. The numbers of mankind, which now are six hundred and forty millions, will then become one thousand, six hundred and forty, and the christians, instead of being *one* fourth, as at present, will be nearly *three* fourths of the whole.

He who does not, from these unquestionable data, foresee the subjection of the whole race of man to the civil and religious yoke of christianity, effected by the influence of natural and established laws, must be very obstinate in his scepticism. For my part, this disquisition has removed every doubt on this subject which I might previously have entertained; and glad shall I be to have contributed to producing the same opinion in any of your readers.

I have carefully, in these remarks, shunned all speculative distinctions as to what *is* or is *not* true christianity, and as to the influence of moral or internal causes in raising or depressing it. Those who foretel the extinction of religion from the progress of knowledge and refinement, must believe religion to be false, and must rejoice in its extinction. Those who believe it true, will predict very opposite effects from the intellectual improvement of mankind; but all impartial observers will see the unlimited influence which the christian code has had upon the conduct and opinions, public and private, social and political, of those who profess it; and will acknowledge, in the prevalence of the arts and colonies of Europe, over those of Chinese, Hindoo, or Mahometan, the triumph of the christian religion over the dogmas of Shensi, Mecca, and Benares.

The wheaten harvests of America for ten thousand future years, will all have sprung from the quart or bushel that was brought two ages ago from England or Spain. The original *grains* perished in a short time, but their progeny will be only less than eternal in succession, and universal in extent.

Thus it is with intellectual germs. The moral condition of this globe, at the remotest period of its duration, must be essentially different from what will now inevitably happen if Moses had never written nor Jesus preached, and this effect will not be less real and momentous, even if the existence of Moses and of Christ shall be utterly forgotten.

P. S.

On a Scheme for describing American Manners.

(Addressed to a Foreigner.)

WHAT strange project is this which you describe? A picture of American manners! A view of our social, domestic, economical state! Such as foreign and future observers, as well as contemporary ones, shall point to and say, "This is the scene displayed by four millions of actors on the vast stage bounded by the Ocean, Florida, Mississippi, and St. Lawrence, for the three lustrums ensuing the revolution, which made the Anglo-Belgico-

Teutonico-North-Americans a nation." Are you aware of the many difficulties attending such a scheme?

Only reflect upon the motliness, the endless variety of habits, ranks, and conditions in our country. The theatre itself is too wide for you to traverse: a thousand miles one way, and fifteen hundred the other: various in climate from the ceaseless ardours of the tropic to the horrors of the arctic winter: divided into near a score of separate states, in each of which there are very great peculiarities of constitution and laws; each of which has climate, soil, productions, distributions of property and rank somewhat different from those of its neighbours.

To know the manners of a people, their domestic maxims and habits, their social principles and prejudices, it is not sufficient to travel through their country. You must be the inmate of their houses and bosoms; you must have time to cultivate their confidence, to mark the steps of their education, the gradual unfolding of their character, as new connections, situations, and temptations successively arise.

It is true we derive little *primarily* from our own soil. We are all emigrants, or the progeny of emigrants from Europe and Africa. Thence came our language, dress, building, furniture, maxims of lucrative, sexual, and social intercourse, and modes of literature, avarice, and ambition; but these our new situation has considerably modified. Directly or derivatively, we are English, French, German, and Dutch, it is true; but we or our fathers have entered into new relations of property and government, by crossing the Ocean, and these relations have had an influence on our character proportioned to their diversity from those which still betide the inhabitants of France, Holland, and Great-Britain.

The merchant, the farmer, the mechanic, the man of a liberal profession, and the servant, are, in every country, distinct from each other. Some personal circumstances, likewise, exist to make one of each class different from every other; but in a nation, divided like ours into numerous subordinate communities, of such diverse modes and constitutions, the rank or profession itself is widely different in different places.

The influence of religion, likewise, is not to be forgotten. In America, every branch into which christianity has shot out, grows and flourishes with equal freedom from restraint. Manners and habits are greatly influenced by religious sentiments. How shall that influence be ascertained but by close, intimate, domestic observation?

To estimate the manners, the social and political state of my country, it it not enough that I am born and reared in it. That can only make me acquainted with what immediately surrounds my birth-place or my dwelling, and this is no adequate specimen of the whole. If I am resident in the vicinity of Cape Cod, I am as little qualified to describe the state of universal manners, their state at Pittsburgh or Savannah, for example, as that of Toulon or Archangel. To fit me for this task, I must be multiplied an hundredfold, and be born and educated at once, if that were possible, at Charleston, Baltimore, and Salem. I must be, at the same time, a catholic of Maryland, a quaker of Pennsylvania, an English episcopalian of New-York, and a congregationalist of Connecticut.

More than one traveller from Europe has undertaken to describe the state of society in the United

States. Whatever he sees in an hasty journey through a small part of it, is instantly seized upon, and held up as a specimen of the whole. From incidents happening at an inn, or in a stage-coach, between one maritime city and another, or an object casually noticed by the way, an inference is confidently drawn in relation to the whole territory. "Such," says he, "is the practice in *America;* such is the ignorance or knowledge, the independence or prejudice, of *Americans.*" And his conclusions are just as sagacious as those of him who should infer the state of cultivation and manners in Turkey or Poland, or even in Ireland or Scotland, from what he meets with in a journey from Falmouth to London.

Look at the guise and manners of a tiller of the field in New-Hampshire. What circumstance in his condition can give us the slightest knowledge of the tiller of the field in Georgia? The Serfs in Bohemia are far more like the freeholders of Middlesex, in complexion, habits, liberty, knowledge, temperature, and products, than the New-Hampshire ploughman is like the corn-planter of Roanoke, or the rice-sower of Santee.

What is presumptuous and chimerical in a mere sojourner, like you, is not much less so in a native of the country, who, by the laws of his existence, is hindered from knowing any thing beyond his own family or city, or, at least, his own state.

Perhaps you will think these observations by far too positive and general, and imagine that any man is qualified, by traversing for three or four years, the whole extent of a country, and possessing a steadfast curiosity and sociable propensities, to paint its social condition. I will tell you what such a one may do, which yet, by the by, has never been done.

He may ascertain the price of every species of property; he may faithfully describe the size and population of towns and town*ships;* the quantity, materials, form, and expense of every kind of building, furniture, dress, and food; the state of all the arts, liberal and mechanical, from sowing turnips to tuning a fiddle, from cobbling an old shoe to managing a controversy in the senate. He may find the number, legal qualifications, and usual profits of every rank, office, and profession.

All this he *may* do, in four or six years, provided his sagacity be eminently acute, his knowledge abundant, his intelligence comprehensive, and his observation incessant; conditions, indeed, that are seldom realized; but, when this is done, he is far from knowing the social, moral, and intellectual condition of the people. He has acquired what, indeed, is necessary to perfect knowledge, but what constitutes the smallest part of what is necessary. These do not inform him what modifications of opinion, religious, moral or political, prevail; what notions of duty, and honour, and decorum govern us; how men treat their neighbours, their parents, their wives, their offspring; with what eyes they survey external nature, and what the vice or virtue that adheres to, and what happiness or misery flows from, the settled tenour of their actions or reflections. If you ask how this knowledge is to be obtained, I answer, by coming, as it were, in contact with their actions and their principles; by hearing them talk, and seeing them act.

Such an accomplished observer as I have described, will be much employed in talking with, and looking at, the human beings who surround him. He will be obliged frequently to shift his place of dwelling, in order to collect a great

number of particulars; but, in proportion to their number, will be the haste and imperfection of his scrutiny of each. He will make the best use of opportunities, and, by insinuation and dexterity, will obtain more from an half-hour interview with a stranger, than a sluggish mind would glean from the observation of years. His information and sagacity will teach him to deduce remoter and more ample inferences from a book or a word, than one less bountifully gifted, will be able to draw from hours of discourse. His conjectures, as to characters and situations, shall appear to be unerring and miraculous.

But not to mention the rareness of even *such* skill, this skill will merely enable him to draw the *outlines* of an ample scene. It will not prolong days into years. It will not enable him to be in several places at one time. It will not make stone-walls transparent, or heighten whispers into clamours.

Nay, in proportion to his knowledge and experience, will be his distrust of first appearances, his reluctance to infer actions from opinions, his persuasion of the inscrutability of motives, the prevalence of imposture, the secrecy of vice, the tyranny of habits, and the never-ending transformations of the passions.

He will seldom be long enough an inmate of an house to see its inhabitants without disguise. Distracted by a multiplicity of foreign and changing objects, he will not have leisure to watch their discourse and demeanour. Wherever he is, he is, indeed, among parents, children, and neighbours; but *he* is no man's parent, child, or neighbour. He is not the object of those duties or passions which flow from these relations, nor is admitted to partake or witness their influence. No one confides in him, his hopes and fears, his recollections and forebodings, or demands his counsel or concurrence. He is a stranger and sojourner, busy in examining what his senses can discover, and inattentive, reasonably inattentive, to that which is less worthy to be known, and which can only be known by longer and stricter attention than his situation allows him to bestow.

As a traveller from abroad, so is a native of the country, in every part of it but that where he was born and educated, and habitually resides; in our country, especially, whose different provinces and districts are, in many respects, as little like each other as the Bannat of Temesewar and the county of Kent.

He has, however, one advantage over the foreigner. His parentage and kindred are, at least, within the country; and, while he enjoys similar or better opportunities of surveying the whole, he is of necessity intimately and domestically acquainted with a part. He has had American parents and kinsfolk, tutors, play-fellows, and friends. He has a family, a neighbourhood, a study and profession, fellow-citizens, and fellow sectaries. He is, to a small extent, therefore, practically versed in the effects of our social maxims and political condition. He himself is a product of the soil, is a sample of the beings which a North-American climate, government, and education, will produce. Those who are inquisitive as to their effects, will closely and eagerly examine him, and he may contribute much to improve the science of human nature, and somewhat to a picture of his age and country, by minutely and faithfully pourtraying himself.

Whip-Poor-Will.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

Mr. John Davis, in a note to his *Sonnet to the Chick-Willow*, inserted in the last number of your Magazine, observes that this bird was called *Whip-poor-Will* by the British soldiers, from their fanciful assimilation of its cry to these words. If Mr. D. means that the British soldiers *first* gave that name to this bird, he is mistaken. They found the name already common when they visited America, and the bird has been universally called by that name for half a century at least, throughout the middle and eastern States. Without wishing to discredit the ears or imagination of Mr. D. I believe it will be generally allowed, that the notes of this bird of eve, more resembles the sounds of *Whip-Poor-Will*, than *Chick! Chick! Willow!*

C. D.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

If you, or any of your literary correspondents, would inform me what author first used the words "*Fiat justitia, ruat cælum*," so often quoted by intrepid lawyers and sturdy moralists, it would oblige your constant reader and well-wisher, Tyro.

On a Taste for the Picturesque.

A gentleman, a friend of mine, who sometimes favours me with a visit, lately found me at a window that overlooks New-York-Bay and its Islands. This scene, just then, was extremely beautiful, and its beauties were heightened by a long-protracted echo occasioned by the evening gun, fired from the ramparts of the fort on the Island. My guest took his seat by my side, and began the talk by some reflections on the picturesque. He spoke somewhat to this effect:

"The pleasure which the beauties of nature afford, are of a very pure and exalted kind. There are few cultivated minds which do not gaze upon a rural landscape, with a pleasure higher than most of those that may be called sensual, and many derive thence a delight bordering upon rapture; yet I have remarked that the terms by which the most ecstatic of these enthusiasts convey their notions of a scene, are strangely meagre, jejune, and vague. Persons otherwise rich in words and combinations, have frequently but one or two trite and insignificant phrases to denote all the variety of kinds of scenery, and all the degrees of pleasure which the scenery produces.

"There are some people with whom every thing is *fine; very fine; very fine indeed.* Do they eye the still expanse of a lake, *'tis very fine*, they cry. Do they look upon the falls of the Mohawk or Pasaick, set off by the gloomy dignity of mists, or gilded by the farewell beam of a summer's sun, *'tis very fine* still. Do they gaze from some promontory of the *Highlands* on the long-protracted and magnificent career of the Hudson, still they have but one dialect: O! how fine! exclaims the soft enthusiast, *'tis very fine indeed!*

"A lady Clara, with whom you and I are well acquainted, who has exquisite sympathies of this kind, and is not deficient in language on other subjects, can only convey her admiration by such exclamations as "Oh! it is a *sweet* evening, a *sweet* moon-light." Does she gaze upon the sun when *his western throne is arrayed with reflected purple and gold*, she is enchanted,

and cries out, when she has leisure, "Look at the sweet, *sweet clouds*, only look, Maria!"

"She invites her friend to a romantic dwelling in the country, and talks much about a summer-house perched upon the very verge of a precipice that overhangs a torrent, and is embowered by the intertwining leaves and flowers of the willow and catalpa. "Oh! Maria," says she, "'tis a sweet place, I'll assure you. The trees about it are such *sweet* trees, and the rock it stands upon! never, Maria, never saw you so *sweet* a rock."

"Sometimes the admiring gazer sees nothing in the wide extent of nature but what is *pretty*. Such a one once confirmed a description of the wonders of Niagara, by an assenting nod, and a—"Very pretty, indeed. The very prettiest cataract I ever saw in all my travels."

"With some people, every thing they see in the works of the grand designer, Nature, or of her human imitators, is *handsome*. "Othello is a very *handsome* composition—a very handsome piece of eloquence, that of Tully's speech for Ligarius." His neighbour *Whatman* gave an hundred pounds to a charity—"'Twas a very *handsome* action, to be sure." The grandeurs of the Blue-ridge, and the solemn beauties of the Leheigh, are spoken of. "It must be owned," says he, "there are very *handsome* prospects upon that river."

"'Tis very seldom that we meet with one who occasionally diversifies his praise with all these flowers, and who distributes, with due judgment, his *handsome* skies, his *sweet* rocks, his *pretty* water-falls, and his *fine* lakes. In general, one of these terms serves all our purposes.

"This poverty and indistinctness of expression arises not from sluggish feelings, but from want of accurate conceptions. We discriminate too little between the peculiar character of different scenes. We are too seldom able to tell what it is that pleases us, or why it pleases. We distinguish not between the different emotions which scenes of different kinds produce. The gentlest impulses of pleasure are confounded with the most impetuous; and that black cloud which wreathes itself round a rugged pinnacle, and inspires us with solemn awe, is *pretty*, or *sweet*, or *fine*; just like the wide and undulating plain seen from a lofty summit, whose intermingling woods, and corn-fields, and orchards, sweetly, yet tranquilly, exhilerate the heart.

"The study of landscape, or, as some call it, *picturesque beauty*, not only furnishes distinctness, and thus multiplies and renders accurate our language, but it serves, at the same time, a much more useful purpose. It unspeakably augments and extends our pleasures. It invigorates, diversifies, and prolongs a gratification the nearest a kin and most friendly to the ennobling and domestic virtues, of any that the senses possess. It ministers to health by strengthening the inducements to wholesome exercise and rural excursions. There is a physical delight in inhaling a pure breeze; the music of the groves is more cheaply purchased, more intimately blended with the knowledge of animated nature, more indicative of meaning (the music of birds is their language) than the senseless squeakings of the pipe, and the unintelligible murmurs of the chord. The sense of smelling is no less gratified by the aromatic exhalations of which the vegetable tribes are so liberal. A hundred other benefits, indeed, might be mentioned as flowing from, or connected with, the study of landscape; but enough has been said to establish its pre-eminence."

My companion pausing here, I said to him, "How is landscape to be studied?"

"Much may be done," answered he, "by solitary efforts to analize the scene before us, and nothing can be done without such efforts. It is likewise of great use to examine the works in this kind of celebrated painters; but that is an advantage scarcely to be hoped for by us who stay on this side of the ocean. Books are of the most use, but I know of but one writer any ways eminent for displaying the principles of landscape; I mean Mr. Gilpin, whose works ought to be perfectly familiar to every mind endowed with virtuous propensities and true taste.

"There is another set of writers who are, in some sense, to be regarded as commentators upon Gilpin; who have travelled and written books for little other purpose than to deduce the application of the principles of this kind of beauty, and to furnish out such a set of pictures, *in words*, as Verney, Claude, and Salvator exhibited on convass.

"Ann Radcliff is, without doubt, the most illustrious of the picturesque writers. Her "Travels on the Rhine and in Cumberland" is, in this view, an inestimable performance. In reading this work, the reader is surprised to find how much, in this respect, can be done by mere words, and is frequently affected in a way similar to the effect produced by the actual view. Her two last romances, "Udolpho," and "The Italian," are little else than series of affecting pictures, connected by a pleasing narrative, and in which human characters and figures are introduced on the same principles that place them on the canvass, to give a moral energy and purpose to the scene. This is the great and lasting excellence of her works; and, to limit the attention, as is usually done, to her human figures, is no less absurd than to look at nothing in a sea-view but the features of the pilot, and to scrutinize, in a picture of Salvator, only the hooked nose of the sybil, the sorry steed of the bandit, or the uncouth forms of the imps that hovered round St. Anthony. Yet, Mrs. Radcliff's narrative is beautiful and interesting.

"To examine with a picturesque-discerning and a cause-inquiring eye, every scene that really occurs; to ponder in like manner on the landscapes of painters and picturesque travellers, many of whom delineate and describe at the same time, seems to be the best mode of opening, in your breast, this source of high and beneficial pleasure; and I advise you to begin with all speed."

"Most willingly," said I, "and, luckily, I have in the house Gilpin's work on "Forest Scenery," and Beaumont's "Travels in the Rhetian Alps." To show my docility, I will set apart the whole of to-morrow to read these books. If Clara cannot be a painter herself, she will at least be, with regard to Nature's works, and the works of Nature's favourite disciples, a diligent LOOKER-ON.

Differences between FELICITY *and* HAPPINESS.

IS there any difference between the words *felicity* and *happiness*? If any difference there be, it must, methinks, be of a very delicate and subtile nature.

There are many pairs of words, *twin-meanings* as it were, formed in the same manner with those, one being derived from the Saxon, or Teutonic stock, the other coming directly, or by means of the Norman-French, from a Roman origin. Such as boldness and audacity, friendly and amicable, enemy and foe, fearful and timorous, and a thousand others. To form a catalogue of these, to class them according to their various originals, to

settle and compare the amounts of what our language respectively owes, on one side to the Celtic, Saxon, and Danish, and on the other to the Latin, either immediately or mediately through the Italian, Spanish, and French, would be labours eminently worthy of the philosophical grammarian.

This task, however, would be less arduous and useful than that of precisely settling the difference between the meaning of words that have a seeming resemblance, or whose difference is very slight. It may be laid down as a maxim, that no two words in different languages, and no two words in the same language, *exactly* correspond. From the first position, it follows, that a *word-for-word* translation is impossible. From the second position, it appears that we can never be at liberty to use either of two words to convey our meaning, since there is but one in the language which fully answers the end.

Among similar words, the resemblance seems to be greatest between similar words, one of which is of Roman, and the other of Teutonic origin, than between such as have a common origin, either Teutonic or Roman. Thus felicity more nearly approaches happiness or welfare, than happiness and welfare approach each other. Still, though felicity and happiness approximate, they do not coalesce, and what is it that severs them?

Felicity, in consequence of its Normanno-Roman descent, is the less generally intelligible, and less familiar word. Saxon derivatives, as Saxon is the mother-tongue of England, are most easily interpreted by every class of hearers. Many Roman derivations are used and understood only by the well-educated class. There are great numbers of natives of England who never utter the word *felicity*.

There is an abstract and complex metaphysical idea, about which much discussion has taken place among moral reasoners. It relates to the nature, possibility, and duration of human *happiness*. This abstract idea is never rendered by the word *felicity*. What is happiness? says the poet and moralist. He never says, what is *felicity?* Happiness, therefore, seems to denote the whole of our condition, of which, parts and portions are called by the name of *felicity*. The sum total of felicities makes up happiness.

Hence it is that the collective word happiness is never pluralized, whereas felicity easily admits the plural. Happiness is the moral condition, and only such. Felicity has likewise a moral significance, but it has other senses. It is sometimes made to correspond with success, arising not merely from skill, nor merely from good fortune, but from the union of both. It is common to talk of felicities of language, but happiness is never used on such occasion.

The adjective happy, however, is not only the adjective of happiness, but of felicity. An happy life, and an happy event, are phrases in use as well as an happy expression. Happy applied to the performances of rhetorician and poet, seems to denote lucky, fortunate, more fully than felicity denotes good luck or good fortune.

Felicitous has seldom been, and cannot properly, perhaps, be used. If used at all, however, it must not be in a moral signification, but as applied to the exertions of the mind in elocution or contrivance.

Happy cannot be changed into a verb, whereas felicity may; but what is remarkable, felicitate is not, as analogy might teach us to expect, *to make happy*, but to *wish* happy. It is not merely the *desire* in favour of another's happiness that constitutes *felicitation*, but the desire put into words, and, consequently,

changed into a *wish.* I felicitate you, is equivalent to, I wish you happy.

Happy has only one variation, happiness—but felicity has three, felicitous, felicitate, felicitation.

X.

On Matrimonial Reserves.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

Sir,

ONE of your correspondents has said many inſtructive things on the evils of reſerve in marriage, but I almoſt queſtion whether the picture ſhe has drawn be faithful to nature. Some allowance muſt be made for an exaggeration that always creeps into the imitations of the artiſt, and eſpecially into pictures of this kind, where a complete reſemblance might be productive of ſome inconvenience and embarraſſment. I cannot tell where the exaggeration commences or ends, but certain it is that the whole picture affects me not like reality.

Reſerve is undoubtedly incident to married people, and, while it laſts, produces unhappineſs in the ſame way, and from the cauſes which your correſpondent deſcribes; but how long is it poſſible for theſe reſerves to laſt? To what degree can they ever be ſuppoſed to extend? Surely not for months and years together, and to the total ſubverſion of happineſs and life.

It is vain, I know, to ſpeculate in oppoſition to experience. What we have actually witneſſed muſt, of courſe, be believed, in ſpite of general and theoretical concluſions; but until I actually witneſs ſuch a ſcene as is deſcribed, I muſt be allowed to diſbelieve. Exceptions to every general rule are numerous: but where, in any caſe, the truth is not directly known, we muſt ſuppoſe it to be rather an example than an exception to the rule.

I read this eſſay to a friend of mine, and aſked her what ſhe thought of it. She anſwered, that, in her opinion, no ſuch ſtate of unintermitted reſerve could ſubſiſt among people who, as in this caſe, really loved each other. Upbraidings may, for a ſhort time, be ſecret; the poiſon may rankle, for days or weeks, perhaps, undiſcovered; but it is not in the nature of man always to ſmother his anxieties, and hinder the true nature of his thoughts from being diſcovered. A very ſlight incident would make the tide overflow at the lips, and the ſpell of ſilence, once broken, mutual explanations and diſcloſures would take place, and the wounded feelings be healed.

"The miſery, in this caſe," continued ſhe, "is founded on miſtake. Can it be that the reſentment and affliction produced by this miſtake ſhould not ſometimes boil over? 'You do not love me,' is a charge that can hardly fail to eſcape from one or other, and what would be the conſequence? The charge would be eagerly confuted, and the conduct which produced it be ſhown to proceed from the ſame ſuſpicion. Mutual conceſſions and forgiveneſſes would be made, and one tranſporting moment would compenſate for all their paſt anguiſh. The ſame fits of ſuſpicion and reſerve would, perhaps, return, but they would be ſhorter, fainter, and more rare after every new explanation, till, at length, there is reaſon to think they would wholly diſappear.

"Still it is not impoſſible that, in ſome caſes, the reſerve might be ſo obſtinate, and continue ſo long, that indifference might ſucceed to love, and hatred to reſentment, and that the evils depicted by this fair moraliſt might follow. When we look abroad upon the world, we are tempted to conclude that the caprice of human paſſions, and the

diversities of human character, are without limits; but still, as I would not be too sceptical on the one hand, so I would avoid being too credulous on the other, and must own that nothing but direct observation will convince me that such things are."

I confess that my opinions in this respect coincide with those of my friend, and having thus laid my doubts before you, as clearly as a pen very little used to composition can do it, I shall conclude,

S. B.

Thoughts on the Origin of the Claims of Europeans to North-America.

THE property of North-America was claimed by the kings of England, because certain navigators, either their native subjects, or foreigners authorized by their commissions, and sailing from their ports, had descried some parts of its eastern shore. To have sailed along the cost was a sufficient bar to the claims of other christian princes, provided no other had sailed along it before. In that case it seems to have been deemed necessary, not merely to descry it at a distance, but to land and leave behind them some monument, or some inscription, by way of taking possession.

The efficacy of this ceremony was limited by no exact and known rules. It ascertained the owner of ten or a million of square miles, according to the opinions of the voyager and the prince, as to the extent of habitable ground, and the claims and pretensions of previous discoveries. The discoveries of the English, on the eastern coast of America, were supposed to create a right, not only to the head-lands and bays which chanced to escape the notice of the pilot in his range from Newfoundland to Florida, but to include an unknown extent of country westward to the south sea.

The property thus acquired, was supposed to be vested, not in the discoverers themselves, not in the nation at large, nor in their deputies in parliament, but in the person of the prince, by whom it was granted out in such portions, for such price, under such limitations and to such persons as he thought proper to select. It formed a kind of demesne, over which he possessed not only all the ordinary rights of a king, but the privileges of a landlord.

This demesne, however, consisted of marshes and forests, through which a savage and warlike race of men were thinly scattered. These tribes were without arts or letters; subsisted on the products of a very imperfect culture, and on the flesh of wild beasts. The claims of the Christian nations in general to America, were founded partly on the pre-eminence which their progress in refinement was supposed to confer; on the duty of diffusing the knowledge of the true religion by conversions and by colonies, and on the equity of applying to the purpose of human subsistence, regions, which, according to the habits of villagers and husbandmen, must have appeared to them nearly unoccupied. The latter reason was restricted and qualified by ideas of property, derived from the spirit of their own laws, by which the possession of land by no means implied the actual cultivation of it, and by which great stress has always been laid on priority, not of culture, but of claim.

When the colonist beheld desolate yet fertile plains, hundreds of miles in extent, unfrequented by a single human being, yet every rood of which, if plowed and sowed, would maintain a man, he would

naturally imagine that he had a right to make it his dwelling. He would conceive it a sort of breach of duty to leave to wild beasts, and to a few scores of savages, fields that were capable of supporting cities and villages, where thousands might pursue the arts of peaceable industry, and enjoy all the blessings of civilization, freedom and religion; especially as he aimed not necessarily at the extermination or exclusion of the old possessors, since, by a change of manners and fashions highly beneficial to themselves, room enough would be provided for the new comers, without straitening or incommoding the ancient lords.

He would still, however, be unable to deny the sacredness of property, independently of all consideration of utility, and that the claims of the Indians essentially resembled those by which every individual and every nation repel the encroachments of others. This property too, being doubtless transferable by the owner's consent, and the wants of the proprietors on the one hand, and their defective foresight on the other, rendering the purchase easy, it was an obvious method to acknowledge the validity of their claims, and to bargain for possession rather than to fight for it.

The colonist, indeed, had much more to fear from the claims of his own sovereign, than from those of the natives. The rights of Charles or James to the banks of the Mohawk or Ohio, were, in relation to other princes, founded on a certain species of pre-occupancy, but, in relation to their own subjects, grew out of the artificial scheme of feudal government, and were built on maxims of subjection and authority, debasing and fantastic in themselves, but sanctified by old opinion. However the colonist might regard the equity of these maxims, the prince himself was always zealous to enforce their observance, and the helpless colonist was fain to bow to that will which had fleets and armies at its beck.

The prince, in distributing this vast property, was governed by views to his own advantage, or to the gratification of his favourites, or the recompense of those services not easily rewarded by other means. The motives of those who immediately received the grant were usually no other than the accumulation of wealth or territorial aggrandisement, while the inducements of those who carried their families across the ocean, and took up their rest in the wilderness, were the hopes of bettering their fortune, or enjoying that liberty of religious opinion which the institutions of their native country withheld.

The history of the English colonies exhibits the operation of these general principles in a way different from what any former age has witnessed. Their lives, if I may so speak, have passed in incessant conflict and debate, arising from different notions, as to rights of property. The causes of these dissentions may be distributed as follows.

1st. Possession has been tediously contested with the natives. The war has been carried on between them, with few intervals, for a century and an half. The poor aborigines have always been worsted, till, at length, they have almost disappeared on this side of the great river. We may predict that this war will continue till the greater part of the copper coloured race is extinct, and the miserable remnant be confounded with their enemies.

2dly. The colonists, of different nations, have quarrelled with each other about boundaries and territories. The Dutch, French, and Spanish, have been the foes in this kind of warfare, and victory has of course fallen to superior numbers. The Dutch were the first to yield.

The French were next ejected from Acadia, Canada, and the western regions; but the Spanish, in the wastes of Florida, Louisiana, and New-Mexico, have not till lately been brought into such contact with the Anglo-Americans, as to breed dissention and incompatible claims. Bickerings and war with the Spaniards to the south andsouth west of us will come as surely as the war which gained the sovereignty of Canada and Acadia from the French.

3dly. The colonists began very soon to quarrel with their mother country. The parent and child, the landlord and tenant, had claims which interfered, and never ending animosities arose between them. For a long time the child and tenant were feeble and poor, and all that they could do was to murmur and intreat; but finally, they grew up to strength and opulence, and after a ruinous and sanguinary struggle, the subject colony became a sovereign state.

4thly. The colonies have quarrelled with each other. This quarrel has not hitherto gone farther than words; a circumstance to be imputed to two causes, before the revolution. 1st. Their common subjection to a parent state; and, 2dly. The terror of their immediate neighbours.

Since the revolution, a federal union has been substituted for common subjection, and has, till now, succeeded in preventing any lasting and extensive commotion within. How long we shall be at peace with the great European powers, whose dominions are still adjacent to our own, and whose maritime operations are likely continually to shock and interfere with our own, it is not easy to decide. The weakest of our enemies, and that from which least resistance must be expected, and that, indeed, with which, from our relative situation, misunderstandings are most likely to arise, is Spain. May the period of hostilities, which must inevitably come, be long delayed.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

IN looking over one of your Magazines for June last, I saw an attempt made, under the signature of Philo-Chemiæ, to explain a difficulty formerly stated, respecting the oxygenated muriatic acid. I must confess that his solution of this problem, although somewhat ingenious, does not appear to me, by any means, satisfactory. I readily agree with him in supposing that oxygen is not an acid, since it does not exhibit the least acidity when examined by those tests which distinguish acid bodies; but I cannot admit that "*the oxygenated muriatic acid is less sour, because the base is overcharged with oxygen, and the acidity is thereby diluted and diminished.*" No *supersaturation* can be said to take place as long as the two bodies unite, and chemically combine with each other, which is the case with oxygen and the base of this acid. If the latter was saturated with oxygen in the state of common muriatic acid, it would no longer have combined with this acidifying principle; but the same would take place here as happens with the sulphuric, nitric, and, indeed, all the other acids. Could we suppose that the oxygen existed in a loose and uncombined state, merely, as it were, mechanically diffused; I grant, with Philo-Chemiæ, that, by interposing between the particles of the acid, it might diminish its strength; but then I should suppose that its presence would be detected by the same tests which discover its existence, when diffused among other gases. But this does not happen.

I have frequently endeavoured to detect some loose portions of oxygen in this acid, but have never succeeded: on the contrary, I found that it was seized with acidity; hence I conclude that in this acid the whole of the oxygen is chemically united with the acidifiable base, and that no *supersaturation* takes place. I suspect that there is one difficulty to be solved, before that stated by A. B. can be satisfactorily answered, viz. How it happens that an additional portion of oxygen, which renders other acids more fixed, increases the volatility of the oxymuriatic acid? If this were once explained, the other, perhaps, might be easily overcome; for this purpose I would suggest to Philo-Chemiæ the following considerations. Oxygen, when united to the bases of other acids, diminishes their capacity for containing heat; hence their particles are brought into closer contact, and their fixity increased; but as to the base of the oxymuriatic acid, its capacity becomes enlarged by such combination, and a quantity of latent heat is absorbed, by the expansive power of which the particles of this acid are kept at a greater distance from each other, their attraction of cohesion is diminished, and, consequently, are rendered more volatile or more disposed to separate on the application of a repellent power; for we always find those fluids most volatile which have the greatest capacity for containing heat in a latent state. If, then, it be admitted that oxygen augments the volatility of the oxymuriatic acid, by separating its particles to a greater distance from each other, on account of the increased capacity which it acquires by such combination, for containing heat, may not the diminution of its acid powers be thus explained? As the attraction of cohesion between its particles is diminished by the expansive power of the heat absorbed at the time of its formation, fewer of them coming into contact with the surface of the body to be acted on, their effects must be proportionably diminished. Thus, instead of imagining with Philo-Chemiæ that this acid is diluted with oxygen, I suppose (if I may use the phrase), that it is *diluted by the latent heat it contains.*

S.

THE TRIALS OF ARDEN.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

New-York, April, 1800.

THE sympathy of mankind for great sufferers, is the liveliest of their passions. The pity we feel for the victims of guilt, is always allied with abhorrence of the perpetrators, and no condition of our feelings is more vehement than when the reality of the suffering and the guilt being known, we are in doubt and suspence as to the criminal. Where proofs, for and against, are so nicely balanced, that the mind is held in equilibrio, curiosity and conjecture are then supreme, and a compound feeling is produced, which, though not void of considerable pain, has surely a much larger portion of pleasure.

A recent instance has occurred, in which this state of mind was felt by almost every person within the precincts of this city. I confess myself one, on whom the event alluded to, possessed an irresitable influence. Curiosity and sympathy, for a time, engrossed my soul.

You will not, then, be surprised, that my discourse frequently lighted on the same theme, and that I partook, eagerly, in every conversation which this mysterious affair produced.

Some time ago, and before the law had pronounced its sentence on the accused, I paid a Sunday visit, as was my custom, when the weather allowed, to an old gentleman now about seventy-five years of age, who resides not fifteen miles from the city. Thirty years of his life have been spent in this retirement. He is infirm, fond of repose, and contented to know what is passing in the world by means of the newspapers and the conversation of his visitants.

He received me as cordially as usual. Common inquiries being made and answered, I led the talk to the affair which occupied so large a place in my fancy. He was inquisitive on this head, and, having taken more than ordinary trouble to make myself master of evidence, I was able to tell a tolerably circumstantial story. After I had finished, he commented on it in various ways. At length, after a pause, he said:

"'Tis a strange affair, and stranger from its coincidence with something that took place, on this very island, a long time since. A death, sudden and violent, of a female, well born, young, accomplished. The cases vary indeed. The rank, education and character of the victims were different, but there are surprising coincidences."

"Pray," said I, "when happened the event you speak of? I never heard of it before."

"No, I wonder how you should. You were then unborn, or, at least, in your cradle. A new generation has since started up, and their passions have full employment with what is passing. Here and there an old man, like myself, may be met with, who remembers it, and yet faintly. Relate the circumstances, and perhaps he calls it to mind; and yet, at the time, every heart, every mouth was full of it. Nothing else was thought of or talked about, among all ranks and all ages, not in this city merely, but throughout the colonies; nay, a mutilated story got to Europe, and was inserted in the papers of the day, and no wonder, for it was a distressful case; in every view distressful, to the unhappy girl herself, to her family and friends, who doated on her, to the unfortunate wretch who incurred suspicions of being the criminal. Of all men his lot was the most disastrous, the most intolerable! Such a complicated evil! A mystery so impenetrable, so fatal to the fame, peace and life of one who merited a better fate! It was enough to put me out of conceit with human nature. I have, indeed, been more than half a misanthropist ever since.

"Have you never heard of it? And yet, as I said, no wonder. It happened near forty years ago, and a thousand motives pressed upon the friends of the lost girl, the advantage of burying the story in oblivion."

The curiosity which was thus excited, my friend readily consented to gratify. Your readers will see the propriety of using fictitious names on this occasion. There is no need of hurting the feelings of survivors, and though forty years may be expected to have deadened most of the feelings of our nature, and, indeed, to have left alive very few who are personally interested in the story, I think it best to employ this disguise, though, in all other circumstances, I shall carefully adhere to the truth.

"In the year 1763, a person arrived in this city, as he gave out, from Europe. His name was Arden, under thirty years of age, un-

recommended, unknown to any one. He became acquainted, by means, not of moment to be mentioned just now, with one with whom I had been intimate from my infancy, and all the secrets of whose heart I was master of. My friend grew much attached to the stranger, took him into his house, found him destitute of visible means of support, and shared with him his confidence. He found him modest, reserved, serious in deportment, endowed with much knowledge of men and of books. In short, Brudenel, that was my friend's name, his wife, and his whole family became extremely attached to him. He let them but little into his past life, but they were not suspicious or inquisitive, and always ready to excuse him from disclosing what, when he chose to disclose, they were always eager to hear.

"He wanted some employment; and a Mr. Finch, a gentleman of large fortune, needing some intelligent person, of humble views and good character, to instruct three children in French and Latin, Brudenel proposed the office to Arden, who gladly acquiesced; and Finch consented to take him upon this recommendation. He took lodgings a mile or two from town, and walked in and out every day, during four months of the first winter, during which he discharged his new functions in Mr. Finch's family.

"Mr. Finch had built an house, and laid out grounds on the banks of the Hudson, about nine miles from the city. Hither he intended to retire and pass the rest of his life, and the parties being mutually pleased with each other, Arden agreed to live with him, and continue the superintendance of his children.

"Finch had four children. Three of them were under thirteen, and these were Arden's pupils; the eldest was a daughter, Harriet, about twenty-four, a very lovely girl, on whom her family and friends doated with excess of fondness. These, with Arden, Mr. Finch, and servants, made up the family.

"Three months after being settled in their new abode, the catastrophe so much deplored took place. It was a mild evening in summer, when, just before sunset, Harriet was observed to leave the house, and stroll as if for recreation along the bank. She disappeared among the trees of a grove at some hundred yards distant. The night came on. Harriet was absent; was sought after, but was no where to be found.

The impatience of the family was somewhat relieved by conjecturing that she had gone to visit a cottage about four miles distant, where lived a good old woman, sick and infirm, to whom she was accustomed to perform some charitable offices. That night passed, and the lady not returning next morning, search was instituted anew, and a message was sent to Mr. Finch, who had been detained for the preceding ten days in town. This new search was for four and twenty hours, unavailing; but at length Harriet was found, covered with some bushes, at the bottom of a grotto, a mile from the mansion house, on the banks of the river, *dead!*

"This grotto, formed by a recess in the rock, obscure, overgrown with bushes and of difficult access, was almost unknown to the family. Harriet had never mentioned it to others, and was never known to have gone thither. There were marks of violence upon the body, which left no doubt of the nature of her death.

"Who was the guilty man? was the world's immediate inquiry; but

conjecture had not long to roam. The assassin, it was impossible to doubt, was Arden.

"That very evening Arden was seen, after dismissing his pupils, to wander forth a few minutes after, and almost on the footsteps of Harriet. He was seen at dusk, by a neighbouring farmer, accidentally passing that way, coming from the thicket which surrounded the rock in which the grotto was hallowed. His gesture and countenance were observed to denote anxiety and fear. His voice, when answering the farmer's "good evening, sir,"—was hurried and faultering.

"The same appearances were observed on his entering the house. He went to his chamber, and after remaining shut up till nine o'clock, he came out, ordered his horse, and rode away to the city. Early next morning he went to Mr. Finch's lodgings, and, with evident reluctance and embarrassment, informed him of his resolution to leave his service.

"No precise answers were returned to Finch's questions as to the cause of this sudden resolution. He could state nothing in the treatment which he had received, adapted to displease him. He was willing that his design should seem unreasonable and unaccountable, but repelled all Finch's importunities to give up the scheme. Neither would he give him any account of his future motions. He designed directly to leave the city, but whither he should retire, he professed not yet to have resolved. During their interview it was plain that some weight hung heavily on Arden's thoughts, his countenance was troubled, and his accent sorrowful.

"At this conversation was present a young man by name Wingate. The families of Finch and Wingate were very opulent, and, with a spirit very common with the rich at that time, they sought to increase their wealth by an alliance between young Wingate, an only child, and Harriet Finch. Wingate had passed some years in Europe, and was returned expressly to solemnize this marriage.

"The young lady, however, would not consent, much to the surprise and chagrin of her father and lover, who strove, the one by soothing, and the other by authority, to conquer her reluctance; a reluctance to them unaccountable, as they had been designed from their infancy for each other; as they had parted with the mutual belief of their being betrothed, and Harriet had always appeared contented with her destiny.

"The father's suspicions, and the lover's jealousy, naturally imaged to themselves a rival; and the youth, dignified deportment, and mental accomplishments of Arden, could scarcely escape surmises on this occasion. Arden and Harriet had lived, for months, in the same house; the young lady never concealed her respect for the tutor; they were oftener together, under pretence, however, of something to be learned, than rigid discretion would permit.

"They were both interrogated by Mr. Finch. Arden's averments were clear and satisfactory, and laid at rest all doubts of his integrity in the mind of Finch. Harriet was equally explicit in disclaiming any passion contrary to her father's wishes. Not assigning, however, any good reason for breaking off, or postponing the match, she was importuned, without mercy or intermission, to comply. At length this compliance was promised, and all parties were somewhat at ease.

"Wingate, however, had still reason to complain of coldness in his spouse elect. Her consent to marriage was unattended by any proofs

of love, and Wingate soon relapsed into discontent, upbraiding and suspicion. His suspicions, however, had no object; for Harriet, from the time her promise was given, broke off all intercourse with Arden, and carefully shunned private and unwitnessed interviews. Her death happened about a month after this new arrangement, and about a week before the day fixed for her nuptials.

"While Wingate and Finch were comparing their thoughts as to the motives of Arden's behaviour in the last interview in town, a messenger arrived, informing them of Harriet's disappearance. It instantly occurred to Wingate, that Arden and the young lady had eloped together, and while Finch returned home to search anew for his daughter, and to gain intelligence from his household, Wingate was dispatched after Arden.

"Arden was soon found to have embarked, on the river, for Baltimore, whether in company with Harriet was uncertain, till the discovery of her murdered corse in the grotto, when suspicions of elopement were instantly changed into those of murder, and a swift-sailing pilot-boat being hired, and suitable warrants and officers obtained, Arden was pursued, overtaken, and, on the third day, brought back and thrown into prison.

"Arden had held no intercourse or correspondence beyond his employer's family, except with my friend Brudenel. Many letters had passed between them during his residence with Finch, and till the day preceding this catastrophe. The incident I have just mentioned could not fail of deeply affecting my friend. There were other reasons, likewise, why his concern for this man's welfare and reputation should exceed that of any other.

"Brudenel had a mother and a sister, Anna, who lived together, and near him. Arden, as an inmate of his house, was, of course, on terms of familiarity with every part of his own and his wife's family. They were all pleased with his gentleness of manners, his modest demeanour, and the great qualities of his mind. Anna Brudenel, unhappily, allowed herself to be more pleased with him than the rest. In short, to an attentive observer it was plain that she loved him.

"This circumstance gave her brother much disquiet. He felt no reluctance to cultivate the friendship of this man as long as he behaved well, being always at liberty to change his course, as future discoveries respecting him should make it necessary; but to take him, of whom he knew so little, as a *brother-in-law*, was a very different affair.

"Besides, Arden's treatment of Anna, though respectful and affectionate, had been carefully circumspect, and evinced, as his conversation often did, not only the want of tenderness to her, but a resolution to avoid all matrimonial engagements.

"His sister's happiness, therefore, required him to disclose his thoughts to her, and to show her the nature of her situation. He did not forbid her to love, but he pressed upon her the utility of wariness and circumspection. The obstacles to an alliance with Arden might be insuperable, but it was not wholly improbable that they might, in time, be removed.

"The imputation of so foul a crime, and the consequent danger to Arden's life, roused the hitherto supposed or slumbering emotions of Miss Brudenel, to a pitch of unbounded vehemence. She besought my friend to interfere in his behalf, and would not, for a moment, give up the persuasion of his innocence. She vowed that her future peace, and her life itself, depended on his acquittal from this charge.

Brudenel was far from adopting her opinion as to the innocence of this man. The facts that I have mentioned, amounted to a presumption of guilt which no reasonable person could resist. The matter was incapable of greater certainty, unless he had been detected in the very act. But his opinion, even if it had been favourable, would avail nothing. All the rest of the world were of one opinion. Finch was a doating parent, and Wingate a fond lover. Arden's guilt was indisputable in their eyes. Their abhorrence, therefore, was immeasurable, and their vengeance obdurate. All the world joined them in clamouring for his punishment."

I here interrupted the narrator. "You say Arden corresponded with your friend while living with Finch. Was there nothing in these letters throwing light upon his conduct in this affair?

"There was something in his letters of a very ambiguous cast. They were at first copious, but afterwards became more brief. At all times they bespoke a mind far from being at ease: it was not the disquiet of remorse or of fear neither: it was a secret and unexplained unhappiness that appeared to dictate, and to mix itself with every sentence that he wrote.

"At first he was very free in describing his situation, the character of Finch himself, his three pupils, and the daughter Harriet. She returned from a long absence to reside with her father while Arden was an inmate of the house.

"Gradually, however, Harriet became less frequently or less directly mentioned. His regrets and complaints assumed a somewhat different form, and grew more obscure and unintelligible. My friend, sometimes, in perusing his letters, conjectured that the charms of Harriet had made some impression on his heart, and that this had contributed to the alteration of his style; but all, in this respect, was vague and indeterminate. There was ground equally plausible for twenty different inferences.

"After the catastrophe had happened, he could not but recollect this obscurity You will imagine that it suggested no favourable conclusion: at least, it afforded no proof of his innocence. Brudenel's curiosity and affection led him to visit Arden in his dungeon more than once. Their interviews were deeply affecting. He was not earnest in asserting his innocence. He seemed fully aware of the irresistible force of the evidence against him, and to yield, without an effort, to his fate.

"Yet, on being interrogated by him, and by the court upon his trial, he declared himself, with a steadfast countenance and manner, *not guilty*. Nothing confounded observers more, than the sedateness of the man, but such were the singular circumstances in which he was placed, that is was impossible to determine the cause of his sedateness—whether it arose from consciousness of innocence, or contempt of death, or of infamy, or from pure obduracy.

"He had no one to defend him, for he sought no one's patronage. When called upon to defend himself, he complied with apparent reluctance; but, when he opened his mouth at the bar, averred his purity with astonishing collectiveness and fervency; while, at the same time, he declared his hopelessness of acquittal, his acquiescence in his fate, and his forgiveness of his persecutors."

Again interrupting my friend, I asked, "Did not, at this time, something come out as to his past life, which might have some effect upon his judges?"

"Nothing. He was now, indeed, recognized by some who

knew him in London, but their knowledge was vague, neither beneficial to his cause, nor hurtful to it. They merely knew no good, and no ill of him. He himself preserved a rigorous silence upon that subject."

"Well, Sir, and what was the event?"

"The cause was heard. A score of witnesses examined. Finch, Wingate, visitants, servants and neighbours, all concurred in furnishing strength to the presumption against him. Clandestine and mysterious interviews between the accused and the lady; her aversion to Wingate coming into birth and keeping pace with her knowledge of, and intercourse with Arden; his disturbance of mind; his visible consciousness of wrong at the interrogations and reproaches of Wingate; his deportment after Harriet's compliance with her father's wishes, more gloomy and dissatisfied than ever; his almost unobserved preparations for departure; his burning, secretly, a multitude of papers and letters a few days before the fatal event.

"Incidents upon the day and evening of the murder; the lady's going out alone; his pursuing, shortly after, the same path; his appearance at the entrance of the path leading, and only leading to the grotto; his perturbations at that time; his retiring to his chamber, and answering to the questions put to him by the housekeeper respecting the absence of her mistress, confusedly and evasively; his sudden departure; his deportment to Finch at their meeting in town, and his precipitate flight.

"When arrested on board the packet, he gave various tokens of guilt. On being told that the young lady had been found dead, the question hastily escaped him, whether she had been found in the grotto? All these indications, unattended by any alleviating incidents; no different method of accounting for her death being even suggested; no traces of any other murderer being to be found; not even an attempt being made by the prisoner to explain, in a manner consistent with his innocence, any part of his conduct before or after the transaction, it was thought impossible for court or jury to hesitate.

"The sentence was anticipated by the public. Popular indignation was furious. Hitherto it had vented itself in execrations and insults heaped upon him in his passage to and from prison. More violent assaults seemed to be forborne, because they trusted to the vengeance of the law. The hall and its avenues were crowded by multitudes, who eagerly waited for his condemnation.

"The charge given to the jury was explicit. 'The guilt of the accused,' said the judge, 'is manifest. To recapitulate the evidence was of no use; you have heard it, and see the exact concurrence of every part.'

"Some of the jury pressed to decide immediately, without leaving their seats, but others objected, and a few minutes consultation was demanded. They went out. Their absence continued longer than any one had expected. Hour after hour passed, and expectation began to be impatient. At length they returned, and the audience was hushed into deepest silence. How was every one astonished, when, to the usual question, the foreman answered—*We cannot agree.*

"The judges were perplexed. They renewed their declarations of belief in the prisoner's guilt, and the jury were once more sent out. This interval was longer and more impatient than the other. Thirty hours were spent, as it soon appeared, in the efforts of eleven of the

number whose verdict was *guilty*, to conquer the obstinacy of one, who declared that he would perish with famine, before he would pronounce the prisoner's condemnation. Finding this man invincible, the rest, to the unspeakable mortification of the court and the astonishment of all mankind, concurred in a verdict of acquittal. The verdict was legal, was unanimous, was positive, and persisted in, in spite of reasonings and rebukes. The prisoner, therefore, instead of being remitted to his dungeon and reserved for the gallows, was at full liberty and dismissed from the bar.

"But it appeared, in this instance, that mankind will not always allow their judgments to be superceded by the law. The popular decree is precipitate and sanguinary; and Arden, in withdrawing from the bar, fell into the hands of judges less scrupulous and formal. As soon as he came forth, he was set upon by an exasperated mob, and escaped with the most imminent risk of his life from their hands.

"Having shaken off the most forward assailants, the unhappy man (fear of death adding wings to his speed) betook himself to flight. Exhausted, and on the point of being seized by his pursuers, he rushed into an obscure house, whose door happened to be open. Hundreds followed, ransacked every nook of the mansion, and examined every closet and chimney, but in vain. Either he escaped by some unperceived avenue behind, or found some effectual concealment within the house.

"The popular rage, thus eluded by the chief offender, recoiled upon the jury who acquitted him. They were indiscriminately pelted and insulted in their way to their own houses; but the wish to exculpate themselves, and transfer resentment to its true object, made the condemning number betray Loveden, the refractory acquitter, whose person could not safely be trusted in the streets. In a short time menaces were noised abroad of an intention to attack his house by night. Being apprized of this in time, he fled secretly, and was not heard of for a long time after."

"I am anxious to hear more of Loveden. His conduct was very strange. Was there no method of accounting for it?"

"It was strange indeed. Loveden was a native of New-England. He came, at an early age, to this city, and passed his youth in the mercantile service of Mr. Finch himself, who, on declining business, had contributed to the establishment of Loveden, by lending him his credit, and a large sum of money. His character, in all respects, before this unfortunate affair, was accounted excellent.

"His conduct on the jury was wholly unexpected. Indeed, it was imagined that his prejudices were of an opposite kind, and it was hinted to the prisoner, that Loveden's known obligations to the family of Finch made it prudent to challenge him, but the hint was disregarded.

"His motives, whatever they were, must have been of wonderful force, since he could not but have foreseen the consequences to himself, not only in the total loss of reputation, in the estrangement of all his friends and associates, but in the peculiar vengeance of Finch. Finch immediately claimed his debt, and Loveden withdrew from his country to avoid a jail, and in a state of beggary. He left behind, destitute of all support, a mother and two sisters, young and helpless girls, whom he had, a short time before, brought from their obscure retreat in the country, to partake of his prosperity.

"All the world hating and suspecting him, no wonder many a calumnious tale was produced. An event somewhat like this, and happening two hundred years ago, in which a juror persisted in acquitting a prisoner, and afterwards, in a secret conference with the judge, confessed that he himself had committed the deed with which the prisoner had been charged, was now revived, and Loveden was deemed by some to be in the same predicament, though this charge was made out only by such surmises and conjectures as any man's life might be made to bear."

"Well, Sir, and what, meanwhile, became of Arden? Some traces of him, I suppose, were discovered."

"Vague rumours flew abroad, but were merely rumours. Great discoveries were likewise pretended to be made respecting him. It was said that Arden was a Jesuit in disguise; that he had been a spy in London, for the Catholic powers, during the late war; that he had fled to America, and changed his name, under apprehension of being punished. This, and other defamatory tales were current for some time, till at length new objects succeeded to engross the popular attention, and Arden ceased to be mentioned, till a new event occurred to revive his memory, and set this affair in a new light.

"About twelve months after the death of Harriet Finch a fellow was detected at Albany, attempting to pass false money. Being apprehended and imprisoned, he was soon discovered to have perpetrated other villainies. A house in the neighbourhood of this city had been attacked and plundered at night, two months before, by a gang of villains, the leader of whom, though carefully disguised, was now recognized in the person of this criminal. He was brought down to this city, tried for the burglary, convicted, and sentenced to be hanged.

"Mayo, while under condemnation, disclosed the particulars of his past life. Fifteen years, it now appeared, from his confession, had been spent by him in a series of frauds and iniquities, seldom to be paralleled. Europe had been for a long time the theatre of his crimes; but at length he withdrew to America, as to a new scene.

"Here, having money in his purse, he advanced very high pretensions, and figured away in the most brilliant style. He formed some acquaintance with Finch, and being specious and addressful, insinuated himself into Finch's confidence. He was impudent enough to aspire to the daughter's favour; and this, joined with some sordid pranks in which he chanced to be, at the same time, detected, ruined him in the estimation of this family, and of the world. He sunk into contempt and insignificance, and was forgotten till he re-appeared at Albany.

"He now confessed himself to be the murderer of Harriet, and to have been instigated to that act by malice and revenge, and the desire of concealing a violence previously committed on this ill-fated girl. The tale related by him, with all its circumstances, is too horrid to be repeated.

"This wretch was innured to every species of guilt. He was the slave of flagitious passions, and longed for nothing so much as for revenge on Finch, who had frustrated his most daring hopes, had treated him indignantly and scornfully, and had spared no pains to blast his character. The poor girl, though less culpable came in for a share of his hatred, on her own account, and was exposed the more to injury, as any evil to her was a

two-fold evil to the father, whose happiness was wrapped up in the welfare of this darling child.

"About the period of her death Mayo, in gratification of a capricious humour, had taken lodgings at a farm-house close to the shore of New-Jersey, and almost opposite to Mr. Finch's demesne, which stretched along the shore of Manhattan. Mayo's strongest and most harmless propensities were hunting and fishing. I call them the most harmless, because, while thus employed, his plans of higher mischief were suspended. While spoiling and murdering the scaly and feathered kind, the lives and properties of men were safe from his violence.

"In fine weather he used to put off into the river, in a small skiff, with hooks and lines, and anchoring in some quiet and shaded cove, pursue his favourite sport for half a day. Unhappily that part of Manhattan shore bounding Mr. Finch's property was higher and more precipitous than elsewhere, and retired into chasms and recesses, where the stream subsided into deep, clear, unruffled basons, shadowed by the rock above, and by the trees growing on it, and thus very happily adapted for fishing.

"One of these basons was directly opposite the grotto which I mentioned, the floor of which was very little above the level of the stream. This grotto was the coolest, gloomiest, stillest and most sequestered spot imaginable, and very likely to be sought by a girl of a romantic temper as Miss Finch was known to be.

"At the close of one benign summer's day, as Mayo was fishing beneath the shadow of this rock, he unhappily spied Harriet's nymph-like form passing through the pines and bushes, in a direction apparently leading to this grotto. He immediately perceived who it was, and conjectured whither she was going. The demons of malice, revenge and love, such love as only such an heart could foster, began instantly to work within him. They set before him the wrongs he had suffered from this lady and her family, pointed out the means of vengeance which thus opportunely and unexpectedly occurred, the ease of gaining this recess, and the certainty of retiring from it unobserved and unsuspected. In brief, he dropped his line, moved softly to the shore, penetrated to the grotto, and found the unhappy girl seated alone and in a musing posture. Probably while she listened to the rustling among the bushes, which announced some one's approach, of all imaginable beings the farthest from her thoughts or expectations was Mayo. The ruffian shortly returned to his boat, and hying home with his perch and bass, made an hearty supper on them with his landlord's family. A few days after he paid his arrears and decamped. It is scarcely necessary to add, that he was hanged in chains, amidst the clamours and curses of numberless spectators.

"Now was the memory of Arden revived. The hatred he had formerly met with was changed into compassion. The incidents so unfavourable to him were now recalled; but since they no longer justified the belief of his guilt, they gave birth to new perplexities and new inquiries. The fiercest of his persecutors now repented of their fury, and longed for an opportunity of compensating his sufferings."

"And was this opportunity never afforded them? Was nothing ever heard of this unfortunate man?"

"I will tell you. I have mentioned the attachment which the sister of my friend Brudenel had formed, in his prosperous days, for Arden. I have mentioned my friend's disquiets on that head, and

his reasonable warnings to his sister. Anna had seemingly acquiesced in the wisdom of her brother's counsels; and in the short time that afterwards elapsed before Arden's removal to Finch's house, nothing had occurred, in the conduct of his sister, to disturb my friend.

"Arden, after his engagement with Finch, seldom came to the city, and seldomer visited Anna. No intercourse apparently existed between them, and the lady's sedateness and tranquillity seemed unimpaired. The brother naturally inferred that they had forgotten each other.

"This woman's character was very singular. She was deeply tinctured with piety. A temper remarkably enthusiastic, and an heart alive to the tenderest sympathies, appeared absorbed in devotion, and in the practice of moral duties. She had no external attractions, was reserved, timid in company, and backward to converse. Undisposed to form numerous connections, she kept herself at home, shared domestic comforts and employments with her mother, and maintained a very neat household on a very frugal competence.

"Brudenel's father had left one son and three daughters, and small property. The son resigned this property to his sisters and surviving parent. The two elder daughters died, leaving only Anna to lighten the evils of sickness and age to their disconsolate mother.

"Anna's heart was the most sympathetic and impassioned in the world. At an early age she found a youth who deserved and obtained all her love. He went, on a mercantile adventure, to the West-Indies, and died. This calamity had hardly ceased to be a burthen on her spirits, when a much-loved friend, and her two sisters, successively fell victims to a lingering malady. These being the chief ties which held her affections to earth, she thenceforth became more lonely and recluse, and more devoted to the cultivation of her understanding. She was upwards of thirty years of age when Arden became known to her, and had probably dismissed every thought of forming a conjugal attachment.

"That tranquil resignation and indifference which, for some years, had distinguished her, utterly vanished, when Arden's life was put into hazard, and was succeeded by impatience, by terror, and by agony. The passion her brother thought extinct had gathered strength in secret, and it was plain, that for the sake of this man all dangers and all evils would be cheerfully encountered.

"Brudenel loved his sister too well not to feel this reverse with acute pain. For her sake he was willing to exert himself to rescue the accused from the threatened fate, but he could do nothing. He could not weaken the evidence against him; he could not persuade judges or juries to lenity; he could not vanquish his own belief of Arden's guilt, and his love of justice would not suffer him to entertain a deliberate wish for his acquittal.

"Contrary, however, to all his expectations, and through agency of which he had no previous knowledge, the prisoner was acquitted. His curiosity was equal to his surprise. With difficulty he obtained access to Loveden, the instrument of this acquittal, and, after much entreaty, extorted from him the motives of his conduct. The truth was this:

"Some years before Loveden had been a suitor to Miss Brudenel. His suit, though his character was not objected to, had been unsuccessful. The lady's heart was too much occupied in deploring the late ravages of death in her own family, and by remembrance of her first at-

tachment, to hearken to his vows. Loveden had desisted, and had since concentered all his thoughts in the improvement of his fortune.

"A few days before the trial of Arden, on which Loveden was known to have been upon the *pannel*, a messenger from Miss Brudenel requested an immediate visit from the latter. Since his addresses had been declined by her, all intercourse had dropped. A message like this, therefore, was productive of much surprise, and his heart throbbed with hopes indefinable, and scarcely recognized by himself. He went.

"He was led into a private room by Miss Brudenel, and a scene of perturbation, reluctance, and unspeakable distress was followed by a disclosure of her interest in the fate of Arden; of her perfect and immoveable conviction of his innocence; a conviction founded on proofs that were all-sufficient; but such as were only known to Arden and herself, and such as could not be imparted to another; and of her confidence in the generosity of Loveden. She conjured him to evince this generosity; to prove the truth of that affection which he formerly avowed for her, by believing her assertion, that Arden was innocent, without demanding the proof on which that assertion was made, and by exerting his privilege as a juror to save his life.

"The disappointment and dismay of Loveden may be readily conceived. The sacrifice demanded from him included every thing dear to the heart of man. His reputation, his fortune, and, indeed, his conscience, since he was called upon to acquit him whom the strongest evidence pronounced guilty, were required at his hands.

"No brief struggle, no faint entreaty, were required to obtain his concurrence. He argued, but Anna argued in her turn. He besought her to excuse him from an act which might irretrievably ruin him here and hereafter; but she persisted in her supplication. At length he was prevailed on to promise compliance. This compliance, and its consequences, I have mentioned, and surely they denote as powerful an impulse of affection and disinterestedness as can be felt by man.

"Having heard this tale, Brudenel went, with an heart agitated by a thousand anxieties, to his sister. He told her what he had just heard, intimated his fears for her danger from the artifices of a being of such doubtful character and views as Arden, and exacted from her information of all that had passed between them.

"After some hesitation she told him that Arden had formerly communicated to her the history of his past life. That this had been done by him from generous motives, having suspected her affection for him, and imagining that a knowledge of his true situation would put an end to every wish that she might have cherished. At the same time he confided in her integrity for her concealment of what he had disclosed since his safety was imagined to depend upon concealment.

"This information produced an effect different from what was designed. She found him unfortunate, but not criminal, and though his inauspicious fate had involved him in the most imminent dangers, and those dangers would not fail to beset every being connected with him, she was eager to console him under his calamity, by giving him her society, her council, and her love. This boon was accepted by him with reluctance, springing not from want of affection, but from a generous aversion to entail upon her whom he loved, poverty, exile and death.

"It was agreed, however, that Anna should continue to reside with her mother, whose increasing

age and infirmities required more than ever her daughter's attendance; that Arden should search out some employment, in which his subsistence might be gained, consistently with obscurity and privacy, and that meanwhile they should continue that confidential intercourse, personally, or by letter, which had thus begun. Shortly after Arden went into the family of Mr. Finch; but a correspondence between him and Miss Brudenel continued, with few intermissions, till the time of his arrest.

"In this correspondence had been fully displayed incidents that had somewhat elucidated the mysteries which hung over the behaviour of Arden and Harriet to each other. The latter had been favourably impressed by the accomplishments of Arden, had made various advances to familiarity and confidence, which, for some time, his diffidence, his desire of obscurity and solitude, his concern for the happiness of Harriet herself, made him study to avoid.

"Harriet acted, on this occasion, with much temerity and indiscretion, flowing from inexperience and a sanguine temper, and from certain defects, which were mingled plentifully with her good qualities. Many motives conspired to make Arden shrink from too intimate an intercourse with Harriet. He easily discovered what views her family had entertained respecting her; the claims and expectations of Wingate, to whom she was, in some sense, bethrothed; the prejudices of her father, who would never stoop to an alliance with his children's tutor. To these obstacles were added the inconveniences likely to arise from the disastrous situation in which Arden himself was placed. To accept the hand of Harriet, without parental approbation and knowledge, without the means of supporting her in that luxury, and ease, and dignity in which she had been educated, could not be thought of.

"Arden's attachment to Miss Brudenel was as yet of a sober and dispassionate kind. It did not preclude the influence on his heart, of youth, beauty, and grace. He adored Anna for her generosity, and if their mutual situation had permitted, would have hastened to reward her love, and secure her happiness, by binding himself forever to so deserving a woman; but there was little prospect of ever accomplishing this. Meanwhile, his sensibility to Harriet's charms made the task which he imposed upon himself, of withdrawing from her favour, the more difficult.

"Wingate's arrival, the renewal of his claims, Mr. Finch's importunity, brought matters to a crisis sooner than would otherwise have happened. Her aversion to her father's scheme, and the cause of that aversion, were soon disclosed to Arden. His pity, his honour, his affection, were all engaged on her side. His objections, drawn from her own condition, from her dependance on her father for the means of subsistence, from the lowliness and indigence of his condition, were stated in their strongest colours.

"She was unconvinced by his arguments. Poverty was not to be dreaded, for she possessed a sufficiency, in her own right, from the bequest of her uncle. The father's choice was not her's, and in this case she only was entitled to judge of the means of her happiness. She confided, likewise, in her father's love, to make him acquiesce in what his power could not prevent or annul. A private marriage would reconcile her duty to her inclination, since then there would necessarily be an end of Wingate's hopes and importunities; and if her family should prove irreconcileable, still

union with Arden would be the least evil of the two.

"Arden fluctuated, wavered; in one mood he promised compliance with Harriet's wishes, and afterwards, when solitude and deliberation had time to sway him, he retracted those promises. He was unhappy, undetermined, and changeful. At length he wrought himself up to the resolution of making her his wife. To this he was chiefly influenced by the security which time had given him, respecting dangers connected with his former adventures, and by public information of the death of a certain personage in Europe, whose existence was the chief source of his peril.

"Part of Harriet's property was a spacious farm and substantial dwelling, thirty miles from the city, on the banks of the Hudson; the other property was personal. She was in full possession of this property. It was agreed that Harriet, by seeming acquiescence in her father's wishes, should obtain his consent to her passing a week or ten days with a friend in Jersey. Hither Arden was to follow her, previously resigning his post, as tutor to Mr. Finch's children, and their marriage was to be privately solemnized. After which, Harriet was to return to her father's house, and when the completion of the contract with Wingate was again proposed, she was fully to disclose her engagements with Arden, who was immediately and openly to claim her as his wife.

"To this scheme Arden had been brought to consent with the utmost difficulty. The balance was inclined, indeed, but merely inclined in favour of it. Before Harriet set out on her visit, an event happened which restored all former obstacles, and inspired Arden with a resolution to shun all further contests and struggles, by abruptly retiring from New-York, and burying himself in some remote obscurity, whither it would not be possible to trace or to follow him.

"This resolution was to be disclosed to Harriet, and his heart was to be fortified against her entreaties and her arguments: a difficult undertaking, but indispensible. He postponed it as long as possible, and having determined to go on the evening of a certain day, he determined to follow Harriet in one of her afternoon walks, and thus obtain a farewell and parting interview.

"The interview took place. Arden's firmness enabled him to resist all her reproaches, entreaties, and reasonings, and to part from her without abandoning his purpose, but not without a thousand terrors and inquietudes. Arden left her to return home, and Harriet was supposed by him to have prosecuted her walk.

"Arden had not gained his chamber, when, fearful of some act of despair in Harriet, he repented of his resolution, and returned, in order to find the lady once more, and inform her of this change. He traversed the usual walks and paths, but ineffectually, and concluded that she had gone to visit the infirm old woman that I once before mentioned. Having searched every place, but the grotto, he conceived it possible that she had gone thither, having had some interviews with her in that very spot. He went to it, looked in, saw no one, and returned. This interval afforded time for his former resolution to revive with new force, and his conduct during the subsequent hours I have already described.

Such were the incidents, communicated by Arden to Miss Brudenel, in a copious correspondence. Such was the intelligence imparted by Miss Brudenel to her brother, and these, added to information respecting his adventures before his arrival in America, were the basis

on which she had reared her conviction of his innocence. These adventures, however, she would not permit herself to disclose.

"After his acquittal and escape from the hands of a sanguinary mob, he disappeared to all eyes but those of Miss Brudenel. The correspondence between them continued. He retired to the country, and, led by a mixture of accident and design, made his dwelling at the house of a Dutch farmer, within a small distance of Harriet Finch's demesne. He lighted on this abode in his obscure pilgrimage through by-paths and uncultivated spaces, and abided there, on account of its remarkable seclusion; the profound ignorance of the aged couple who inhabited it, and the consequent improbability of his retreat ever being known. His board and lodging he was able to purchase from his gains reserved from the payments of Finch, for twelve or eighteen months to come.

"The detection, confession and punishment of Mayo gave a new turn to Arden's affairs. Mankind in general were as eager to repair as they had formerly been to inflict the wrongs which he had suffered. Finch, in particular, publicly declared his sorrow for the part which he had taken in the persecution, and disclosed a circumstance which had till then been carefully suppressed.

"In examining his daughter Harriet's papers, after her decease, there was found, drawn up in legal form, a will, in which she had bequeathed all her property, real and personal, to Arden. This paper was written after the period when a secret marriage was agreed upon between them; and made, according to her own words, in consideration of the uncertainty of life, and of the benefits which her understanding had received from Arden's instructions.

"This will, though fairly written, and signed and sealed by herself, was without witnesses. That she had never gotten it attested, nor published, rose, no doubt, from the difficulty attending such a ceremony, and from the opposition which she could not but expect from her relations to a design of this kind. The instrument being, consequently, invalid, its existence being known only to her father, and Arden falling under such atrocious suspicions, and afterwards disappearing, the will was of course unmentioned and unexecuted.

"Now, however, such were the probity and generosity of Finch; such his zeal to atone for past injuries; that he declared his resolution of complying, in its full extent, with his daughter's will; and offered to transfer her property, entire, to Arden. Arden received, from his faithful friend, speedy intelligence of these events, and, returning to New-York; was kindly and respectfully received by Finch, as well as by his early friend Brudenel. Harriet's will was punctually executed, and gratitude, joined to the removal of so many inconveniences of poverty and persecution which had hitherto beset him, induced him to tender himself in marriage to Anna Brudenel, and the happiness of that generous and exalted woman, though so long delayed, was at length completed by union with the object of her most ardent affections."

I thanked my friend for this copious narrative, but expressed much curiosity as to the real character of Arden. His life, in Europe, had not been disclosed, and in this I could not help supposing something very remarkable. Had he ever obtained any knowledge of these transactions?

"Yes," said he, "the truth, in that respect, came at last into mine and my friend Brudenel's possession, and thus it came: While

Arden was a fugitive, Brudenel was apprized of his sister's correspondence with him, but remonstrated against it in vain. Let what would come, she never would abandon a friend in adversity, and one of whose innocence she had proofs sufficient. These proofs being connected with his exploits in Europe, no menace, no entreaty, no artifice, could prevail on her to disclose.

"After her marriage with Arden she retired to the farm, now called Ardenfield, inherited from Harriet Finch, and there constantly resided. Brudenel did not suffer these concealments to lessen his brotherly attachment, and usually spent some weeks, every summer, at his sister's mansion. When my engagements permitted, I was always willing to accompany him in this excursion, being greatly pleased with the solemn and romantic beauties of this residence, and with the manners of its tenants. Arden's countenance and demeanor were remarkably full of dignity and gracefulness; and his wife was one of whom, in spite of many personal defects, I should have thought it impossible to approach and converse with without being enamoured.

"One evening, about eight years after their marriage, Arden and his wife, her brother and myself, were sitting in a cool piazza, after supper, viewing the effect of moonlight on the cliffs that formed the opposite banks of the river, and discussing any topic that occurred. The discourse insensibly turned upon the past, and particularly on the manner in which Ardenfield came into the hands of the present possessor. These ideas formed a sort of prelude to the following remarks made by our host.

"He adverted to the obscurity which had so long hung over the adventures of his youth, which had created so many inquietudes and doubts in those who loved him, and so much perplexed their curiosity. Concealment was enjoined for reasons which every dispassionate hearer would allow to be cogent. Time, however, had somewhat lessened their force, and, with regard, at least, to us his friends, he had finally determined to make a full disclosure.

"From the time of his arrival in America, till his settlement at Ardenfield, a period of anguish and suspense, every secret of their hearts had been disclosed to each other by himself and his wife. He had particularly composed for her eye a long narrative of occurrences happening to him in Europe. This correspondence had been carried on in a language and character which made it wholly unintelligible to another.

"After their marriage, their leisure had frequently been employed in reviewing together past scenes, so copiously and vividly pourtrayed in their numerous letters; and being conscious that a time might come when the knowledge of his history might be published to the world, or, at least, imparted to his chosen friends, without evil consequences, he had lately amused himself with transcribing and translating, compactly and regularly, the whole series of their letters.

"His origin and fate had been extraordinary. That lustre which flows from high birth and high fortune was not wanting to his destiny. He had had no mean agency in transactions that had shaken the world. His motives for withdrawing from the scene, and endeavouring to bury in oblivion all previous events, were of no ordinary kind. They were such as put his life and fame in perpetual hazard.

"His fears of an untimely end had every day grown less; but they were not wholly at an end; and he now saw the propriety of leaving some memorial behind him, in case of an unfortunate catastrophe, by

which his memory might be justified. This was an additional reason to make the compilation which he had just finished, and which he now offered for our perusal.

"This offer, you may suppose, was eagerly accepted; but so great was our impatience, that we besought him to give us his story immediately, and from his own lips. After a little hesitation he complied with our request."

"And pray," said I, with great vehemence, "what was the story?"

"It is too long for me to recount at present: besides, I have not satisfied myself that the relation would be proper."

I endeavoured to remove his objections, but in vain. He said, that he would take some time to consider of it, and let me know his mind on my next visit.

Desisting from this entreaty, therefore, for the present, I called his attention to other objects, and inquired into the sequel of Arden's history.

"He lived twelve years in great felicity, amidst a family of three children, one son and two daughters. While riding along the river bank, in the autumn of 1777, in the height of the revolutionary war, he was shot, as was conjectured, by a *refugee*, who lurked in the woods.

"His wife found consolation in attending to the education of her children, to whom she performed every maternal office, with great success. I never beheld a finer lad than the son, who inherited his father's countenance and mind. He received a mercantile education, and went to Europe at twenty years old, as agent to a company of land-dealers. He has since settled in London, and sent for his sisters at the death of his mother, whose eyes were closed by them, at Ardenfield, in the spring of 1795. Their uncle lately died on a spacious farm, surrounded by his family, in the new settlements on *Tenessee*."

"And what," said I, "has become of the manuscript? It is to be hoped that it has not also perished."

"No, not yet. It is in my possession. To gratify my curiosity anew, I borrowed it of Arden, a few months before his death. Mrs. Arden frequently requested it to be returned; but design or accident has always stood in the way. I was the more willing to retain it, as Mrs. Arden had determined to destroy it. Their father's origin and history had always been carefully concealed from the children, and she was desirous that every monument of his misfortunes should perish."

"And have you the manuscript still?"

"I have. I have several times resolved to throw it into the fire, but something held my hand. Methought it was a pity to let a story, so highly curious, so circumstantial, and so authentic, sink into oblivion. Sometimes I have had thoughts of sending it to Arden and his sisters. In fact, it is their incontestible property. Whatever I do, I must do speedily, for a man at my age cannot expect to live long, and I know not who may come after."

All my curiosity was in arms at this intelligence. I besought him to entrust the manuscript into my hands. I would take good care of it. I would return it on demand; but he would unspeakably oblige me, by permitting me the perusal.

The old gentleman was refractory to all my pleadings. It would be troublesome to find the book. It was buried at the bottom of a trunk overwhelmed with papers. He must take time to consider. He doubted I should make no good use of it. Perhaps he might oblige me; perhaps, and more probably, not; but he would make up his mind,

and let me know his resolution against my next visit, a fortnight or month hence.

I was obliged to endure my diſappointment, and entreated that the deſired boon might not be withheld on my next viſit. I withdrew, and have beguiled ſome part of my impatience, by drawing up the foregoing ſummary of what my friend thought proper to communicate.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR,

THE ſubſtance of what is contained in the enclosed letter, was related by the writer, in an accidental converſation on the diſappearance of ſwallows. As he had preſerved a memorandum of the facts, and the utmoſt reliance could be placed on the accuracy of the ſtatement, I thought it of too much importance, in relation to a much agitated queſtion in natural hiſtory, to be withheld from the public. More particularly as, from its coincidence in time, it may ſerve to confirm a ſimilar fact, ſtated in the Medical Repoſitory, vol. ii. p. 178, as obſerved by Mr. Peter Cole, in this city; the truth of which is queſtioned by an anonymous writer in the 3d vol. p. 241, of the ſame work, who regards the opinion of the ſubmerſion of ſwallows as exploded. Mr. Pollock has obligingly complied with my requeſt to make the fact known, by ſending me the enclosed, with liberty to inſert it, with his name, in your uſeful Magazine. That the ſwallows could deſcend, in ſpite of their ſpecific levity, to the bottom of ſo deep and rapid a river as the Hudſon, or remain there during the winter, is not, perhaps, to be ſuppoſed.* Yet the fact of their *ſubmerſion*, after the teſtimony of Mr. P. and Mr. S. men of undoubted veracity, cannot be queſtioned. Their continuance in a torpid ſtate, and re-appearance, are different queſtions, which remain to be decided. The apparent impoſſibility of their exiſtence under water, ariſing from their peculiar organization, ſhould make us very doubtful, but not abſolutely to reject the utter poſſibility of the fact. For "natural hiſtory," ſays Kalm, who, with the reſt of the Swediſh naturaliſts, defends the *hybernation* of ſwallows, in lakes, ponds, marſhes, and caverns, "as all other hiſtories, depends not always on the intrinſic degree of probability, but upon facts founded on the teſtimony of people of noted veracity." Reaſonings and conjectures on the fact here ſtated, I leave to naturaliſts. It is to be hoped, that it may not be thought unworthy of the notice of the learned, candid, and ingenious Dr. BARTON, who has already beſtowed ſo much attention on the ſubject.

I am, &c.

W. J.

"On the afternoon of the 24th of Auguſt, 1798, I was ſitting in my parlour which looks towards the North River, about fifty feet from the bank, in company with our mutual friend Mr. Jacob Sebor. Our at-

* The houſe of Mr. Pollock is ſituated near the margin of the Hudſon, about two hundred yards from the Battery. The river is about a mile and an half wide, and from ſeven to nine fathoms deep, and runs with a ſtrong and rapid tide. Mr. P. does not recollect the ſpecies of ſwallow which then diſappeared. The Barn Swallow *(Hirundo ruſtica)*, Chimney Swallow *(Hirundo pelaſgia)*, the Sand or Bank Martin *(Hirundo riparia)*, and the Purple Martin *(Hirundo purpurea)*, all frequent and build their habitations in this city and its neighbourhood.

tention was attracted by numerous flights of birds, which appeared to come across the town from the eastward, and descend immediately into the river. So singular an appearance excited our particular observation. We went out and stood close to the bank, and then perceived that what we at first imagined to be black-birds, were actually swallows; and that, as soon as the various flock had cleared the houses, and got directly over the river, they plunged into the water, and disappeared. This was not confined to the vicinity of the place where we stood, but was the case as far as the eye could reach, up and down the river, and continued without ceſſation for nearly two hours, when the closing of the evening prevented our further obſervation.

"Aware of the importance of affording any additional information on this long disputed question in the natural history of the swallow, I procured a telescope, and watched attentively many of the flocks from their first appearance until their immerſion, continuing my eye fixed upon the spot long enough to be fully convinced that not one of the birds returned to the surface again. Indeed, one flock of about two hundred birds plunged into the water within thirty yards of us, and instantly disappeared, without the least appearance of oppoſition that might be expected to arise from their natural buoyancy, and, at the same time, the evening was so serene, and the river so unruffled, that no deception of our sight could possibly have occurred.

"When the birds first came in view, after crossing the town, their flight was easy and natural; but when they descended near to the water, they appeared much agitated and distressed, flying in a confused manner against each other, as if the love of life, common to all animals, impelled them to revolt against this law of nature imposed upon their species.

"As some time has elapsed since the above mentioned facts occurred, I thought it proper, before I gave you Mr. Sebor's name, as having been a witness to them, to consult his recollection on the subject, and I have pleasure in assuring you he distinctly remembers every circumstance I have recited, and of which I made a memorandum at the time.

"It may be worthy of remark, that as far as my observation went, the swallows totally disappeared on the 24th of August, 1798; for, during the remainder of that year I did not see one.

"H. POLLOCK.

"*New-York, 18th July*, 1800."

Friendſhip: An original Letter.

LET me thank you, my beloved friend, with tears of true pleaſure, for this letter. How happy am I in your love and confidence! How zealous shall I be, and how proud to deserve it!

You cannot think, for I cannot describe my feelings when you first made advances to me, and offered me your friendship. Your first visit—how unlooked for! and your manners so affectionate and affable! your inquiries so tender and free, to me, that was so absolute a stranger to the world and to you! While you staid I was in a constant flutter of surprise. This made me awkward in accepting and returning all your kindnesses. To be sure, thought I, when you were gone, this is some freak of the charming girl; or she has some inquiry to make, or some end to serve, which she found no opportunity of making on this visit; but she will not surely repeat it, especially if it were

made for my own sake; for how coldly and ambiguously have I behaved?

But you came again, very soon; the very next evening, gay, charming, and blithsome as ever. Do you love, Julia, to give pleasure to the lonely and forlorn heart? You do. Then how much have you been gratified by your intercourse with me? A generous, a disinterested delight has been yours. Your efforts have been amply rewarded by their own success.

What a change have I experienced since I gained your love! A warmth, grateful and delicious, a softness which I am not rich enough in words to call by its true name, has come back again to my heart. *Come back again*, I say, for I once had it, or something very like it—so much so that I cannot tell where lies the difference. 'Twas not the emotion that I felt for Marianne or Sally. In this there is something more ecstatic, more of gratitude, I think, and admiration. *Their* love, you know, was due to me. It began at my birth, and grew as *I* grew. Besides, though very good, they had no remarkable or dazzling excellence about them. Such they were as we usually meet with—plain in person, and untutored minds.

No; what I feel for you I have not felt since I was sixteen; yet it cannot, you know, be love. Yet is there such a difference brought about by mere sex? My Julia's qualities were such as I would doat upon in man. Just the same would win my whole heart. Where, then, is the difference? On my word, Julia, I see none; but that's no proof that none exists. A million of truths there are, no doubt, that thy unsagacious friend has never seen, and never will see.

How cold was once my heart! how dreary was my loneliness! Yet I was not conscious of it. I was not discontented. The change which your friendship has made is not by pains removed, but by pleasures added—and pleasures, how ineffable!

Ignorance, I believe, my Julia, is the mother of some kinds of happiness; at least, of quietude. How can we regret what we have never lost? and to lose it we must have it; and by having it only can we know its value? I am now, in all external respects, just as if I never had a sister; but how different would my feelings be, if, in truth, they never had been born!

How my mother shrieked over a breathless son who died in childhood! But suppose the boy had never been born; then, as now, she would have had but four children, and she would not have lamented that they were but four.

Pleasure and pain, my Julia, strangely run into and mingle with each other. Ignorance, I said, is the mother of content; but I would not, for all that, be ignorant. Contentment, methinks, is no desirable thing. Pleasure, indeed, cannot be had without the risk, at least, of accompanying or ensuing pain; but this mixture of bitter and sweet is better than the utterly insipid; better than the limpid, tasteless potion of indifference.

But why do I call the broken bonds of sympathy pain? Why, indeed, do I call them *broken*? Death severs us not from those we love. They still exist, not in our remembrance only, but with true existence; and, if good, their being is an happy one. What more should we wish, and why should life, with all its cares and maladies, be prayed for, either for ourselves or our friends?

My friend removes to the next village, or he crosses the sea—but I am not much unhappy, even at parting, and that sadness is succeeded soon by sweet tranquillity. He is living, and is prosperous, and forgets me not; and some time I

shall see him again, and that consoles me in his absence; but how blind is my sagacity!

How know I that he lives! that he is virtuous and happy! that he gives me still a place in his remembrance. Is he not a mortal creature, and encompassed, therefore, by the causes of sickness and death; beset by temptations, and liable to new affections, that exclude the old?

But intelligence is brought that he is dead, and why should I weep? Am I grieved that he has gone, from perishable, feverish life, to that eternity, where maladies of mind, and ills of body, betide him no more?

"But I have lost him!"

No; while he lived I had lost him indeed, for the space between us was so wide that I saw him never, and heard from him but rarely; but now has he not come home to me? and do I not hourly commune with him? Am I not sure of his existence and safety, for my friend was good? And is he not more present to my thoughts, and more the guardian of my virtue, and partaker of my sympathy, than ever?

"But I shall never see him more!"

Indeed! and whose fault will be that? I must die like him. It is uncertain when; but *then* we shall meet. And what, then, but my own unworthiness, my own misdeeds, shall sever us? Nothing but guilt will divide us from each other dead, though virtue itself was unable to unite us living. And how invigorating to my fortitude, what barrier against temptation is that belief!

No, my Julia, death is no calamity to virtue, to dead or to living worth. Our wailings for the dead are breathed only by thoughtless or erring sensibility. Is it not so? I would not affirm too positively, or too much, I know *so* little. Yet I can't but think that many of our woes are selfish woes.

Yet I mourned for my sisters, but rebuked myself while I mourned. Such reflections as those comforted me; but they would not come at first, nor would they stay long, till time had soothed me into some composure. Now and then, at thoughtful moments, when taken, if I may say so, unaware, my tears gushed anew, and my breast was agonized by sobs.

Still have I, as I long have had, something that may be called sorrow; but a sweet, a chastening, an heart-improving sorrow. Most dearly do I prize it. For the world I would not part with my sorrow. Glad am I that I once had sisters, and I have them still; but I would not have them any where on earth.

It seems to be, Julia, that the only true grief is connected with guilt. Every other has so many gleams and respites, and is so transient, and carries in its train so many after joys! But remorse! the sense of scorn deserved—the weight of indignation, human and divine—*that* must be agony indeed.

But how have I been thus led on! When I sat down I designed a very different letter; but one is carried forward insensibly when the heart knows no restraint; and to thee, Julia, mine knows none. 'Tis now too late to say all that I meant to say; but another pacquet will serve as well. Adieu.

On Jack.

COME, my friend, I want to write. Give me a theme. What shall it be?

My friend paused, stroaked his chin, and looked up. "Why, Jack," said he at length——

Ay, ay, interrupted I, Jack

let it be. I will write a dissertation on *Jack*, and thus will I begin:—

I will leave to philosophers to say how the name of individuals came to be applied to the species; how *horse* and *tree*, from being distinctions of a single animal and vegetable, came to be appropriated to millions of things of the same kind, and will merely endeavour to point out a specimen of this process, in a few of what are called christian names of men and women.

It is no wonder that in bestowing names upon our children, we should be governed by an imagined dignity or sanctity connected with them. If I am called upon to guess the name of a Turk or an Arab, I shall of course light upon that of Mahomet. If I be introduced to a Jew, 'tis a hundred to one that his name is Abraham or Moses. If my companion be a christian, the most plausible conjecture will be that his name is *John*.

Among the founders of our religion, it is difficult, perhaps, to discover in whose favour popular veneration ought to decide, whether for Peter or for Paul. Among Catholics, however, the preference will, for obvious reasons, be given to Peter; while the antipathies of Protestants have degraded Peter into something of a ludicrous and vulgar appellation, and Paul seems to be in vogue with neither party. The harbinger, and one of the disciples of the great teacher, had the same name; and this coincidence, perhaps, it is that has given such unbounded popularity to *John*. Among christian names, John is by far more prevalent than any other.

Among other profound topics of inquiry, I would humbly propose to the sagacity of etymologists, the finding out why John, a sound of such rapid and easy *utterability*, should be familiarly changed into *Jack*, with which it has such slight analogy, and the sound of which is so much more difficult and harsh. Tom, Dick, and Harry, are formed by a very natural and obvious process from Thomas, Richard, and Henry, but Jack is a roughening of what was soft, a change of easy into difficult, and is formed upon no ordinary maxims of analogy. It is one of those freaks, caprices, and contempts of rule which human affairs continally present to us.

It is curious to observe the metamorphoses which John and *Jack* have undergone, and the transitions which they have experienced from denoting individuals, to designating the species. When the great satyrist thought proper to personify the British nation, and to christen this creature of his fancy, no name more suitable could occur to him than *John Bull*. The French are used to fright their children into quietness, by saying they will call *John Englishman*.

On the same principle it is, that professions like nations have acquired the general name of Jack, in addition to a surname either accidental or descriptive. Every sailor, for example, is nothing else than a *Jack Tar*. Every conjurer who shews slight-of-hand tricks, and who chiefly signalizes his dexterity by swallowing and disgorging immense *puddings*, has become, with every talker of English, a *Jack Pudding*. The superintendant of the gallows has been, time out of mind, denominated *Jack Ketch;* and he whose dexterity or versatility has made him a proficient in more crafts than one, is well known by the name of a *Jack-of-all-trades*.

I should like to know the origin of *Jack-a-Dandy*. It seems to denote the class of frivolous impertinents, and to be near a kin to *Tom Fool*.

It is amusing to mark the popularity which *Jack* has acquired even among children. Every one of us remembers the little dramas in which *Jack* has been personated. What bursts of laughter have accompanied the comical grimaces and affected complaints of *Lame Jack?* Which of us but has rehearsed the doleful case of *Jack-in-the-corner;* listened to the memorable achievements of *Jack-the-Giant-Killer*, and related all the marvellous incidents that took place in the *House that Jack built?* A shingle split into similar pieces, and formed into a bundle, is forthwith transformed into *Jack-straws*, and pebbles, thrown into the air and caught alternately on the back and palm of the hand, become *Jack-stones.*

Jack being the name of males among men, has become, in many cases, the denomination of sex in general, not only among men, but among quadrupeds and birds. Thus, in the old adage, it is said that every *Jack has his Gill;* and nothing is more common than to hear of a Jack-ape (or Jack-an-apes), Jack-ass, and Jack-daw.

Even vegetables have been sometimes christened with this useful name. The most popular and common of all fruits, is the apple, and hence the well known appellation of a certain species is *John-Apple.* In the West-Indies it was once the fashion for every man to arm himself with a cane or cudgel of wood, which, from its elasticity, obtained the name of *Supple-Jack.*

There are but few arts in which some ordinary tool is not a namesake of mine. Carpenters, if I mistake not, place great confidence in a *Jack-plane.* Cooks would be sadly puzzled in their vocation without the assistance of either a *Flying*, a *Steam*, or a *Smoke-Jack.* No horseman ever went forth to battle without *Jack-boots*, or to bed without first being accommodated with a *Boot-Jack.* Even that mysterious and mischievous elf who trepans the unsuspecting traveller into pits and quagmires, is, in general, no body but *Jack with a lanthorn.* Sometimes he appears in a different form, and his instrument of fraud is not a lanthorn, but a *wisp* of burning straw, and *Jack*, with his lanthorn, is not a more arch deceiver than *Will with a wisp.*

We may observe that Jack is always applied in a familiar and contemptuous manner, whether in relation to the individual or species. John has undergone the fate of many things originally celebrated or sacred. Its celebrity and sanctity made it frequent, and its frequency has made it vulgar and contemptible. Hence, in plays and novels, the fine gentleman, or captivating youth, is always a Charles or a George; whereas the clown or the valet is only *plain John.*

John, by means I need not now stop to explain, has been the ground work of many surnames, all of which are nearly as common as the christian name. Hence have arisen Jacks, Jackson, Johnson, Johnstone, and Jones. The latter prevails most, and if it were allowable to denominate a nation by the name most common to the individuals of it, the English would find their only adequate representative in

Your humble servant,
JOHN JONES.

American Review.

ART. I.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1799. 8vo. *pp.* 288. *Boston.* Hall. 1800.

A FEW years ago several gentlemen of the town of Boston, regretting that the rich materials for the natural and civil history of the United States were lying in so scattered and perishable a condition, formed a plan of an institution, the principal object of which should be to collect these materials, ascertain their value, multiply their copies, and adopt methods for their preservation. Among these gentlemen no one deserves to be mentioned with more respect than the late Rev. Dr. BELKNAP (whose character has been long known to the public as the historian of New-Hampshire, and the author of the American Biography), then residing in Boston; and who, perhaps, more than any other individual, is entitled to the honour of being considered the founder of this institution. He, with his enlightened and patriotic associates, soon brought the proposed society into a state of organization and efficiency; and it was incorporated, by an act of the Legislature of Massachusetts, in the month of February, 1794.

This society had published five volumes of its "COLLECTIONS" previously to the appearance of the volume which is the subject of the present article. In these the student of American history will find a great variety, and most valuable aggregate of documents. Some of them are copies of old and precious manuscripts, which were hastening to destruction, by time; and others consisting of papers drawn up expressly for the use of the society, and containing much useful and interesting information, concerning the settlement, progress, territorial disputes, ecclesiastical history, and Indian affairs, of different parts of our country. But to form a judgment of the value of these volumes, they must be perused and studied with care.

The volume before us affords an additional testimony of the learning and industry of the gentlemen who compose this important association. It contains upwards of fifty articles; many of which are highly important, and some invaluable. We hope the following sketch of the contents will excite the reader to procure the work, and seek the same pleasure in its perusal that we have enjoyed.

1. *Sketch of the life and character of the late Rev. Dr. Clarke.*

This is supposed to have been written by the Rev. Dr. BELKNAP, and is extracted from the Columbian Centinel of April 7, 1798. It is short, but comprehensive and well written; and is followed by a character of Dr. Clarke, drawn by President WILLARD, which our readers will remember was spoken of respectfully, and inserted at large, in our Review for July last.

2. *Sketch of the life and character of the late Rev. Dr. Belknap.*

This concise and interesting view of the life and character of one of our distinguished American literati is anonymous, but has been ascribed to the Rev. Dr. ELIOT, of Boston. Subjoined to it is a list of Dr. Belknap's publications;—and, also, an extract from a sermon, by the Rev. Mr. KIRKLAND, on occasion of his death.

We think the Society have done

honour to their feelings, and to their publication, by introducing these memorials of their much respected and lamented associates. To preserve the memory of such characters, is a duty which all good men owe to the world.

3. *Remarks made during a residence at Stoabroek Rio Demarary, (lat. 6° 10″ N.) in the latter part of the year* 1798. By Thomas Pierronet.

This paper contains some useful information.

4. *Specimen of the Mountaineer, or Sheeshatapooshoish, Skoffie, and Micmac languages.*

Those who have a taste for investigations respecting the aboriginals of our country, will set a high value on this specimen. The Indian words which it exhibits are numerous; and the author (whose name is not mentioned) appears to have stated them with fidelity and care.

5. *General John Winslow's letter to the Earl of Halifax, relative to his conduct, and that of the troops under his command, on the Ticonderoga expedition in* 1756.

6. *Secretary Willard's letter to Mr. Bollan, agent for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the failure of the Crown-Point expedition, and reimbursement from Great-Britain*, dated Boston, March 10, 1756.

7. *Letter from William Bollan, agent for the colony of Massachusetts Bay, to the Speaker of the House of Assembly of that colony*, dated Leicester-street, April 12, 1759.

8. *A memorandum of divers particulars, showing the exhausted state of the Massachusetts province, and the necessity of a considerable Parliamentary grant, referred to in the preceding letter.*

The four last papers are very important documents respecting the objects to which they relate.

9. *A brief state of the province of Quebec, as to its constitution, number of inhabitants, laws, commerce, population, circulating property, tenure of real property, science, &c. Written in the year* 1787.

This article is anonymous, but is supposed to have been written by the Rev. J. Freeman, of Boston. We have perused it with great pleasure and instruction; and although it was drawn up thirteen years ago, we should still be at a loss to recommend to our readers any thing on the same subject more concise, comprehensive and satisfactory.

10. *Continuation of the narrative of newspapers published in New-England, from the year* 1704, *to the Revolution; in a letter from one of the members to the president of the society.*

This article is continued from the preceding volume, and concluded. It is a very valuable and interesting narrative, and by the literary historian of our country, especially, must be considered a precious document. We wish an account, equally perfect, respecting the other States, could be obtained. The author's name is not mentioned, but we have heard it ascribed to the Rev. Dr. Eliot.

11. *Mr. Dummer's letters to Mr. Flint.*

12. *James Cudworth's letter to Gov. Josiah Winslow, declining his appointment to a military command.*

We fully concur with the society in opinion, that this letter affords a very amusing exhibition of the character of the author, and represents, in a very striking manner, the simplicity and modes of thinking which then prevailed.

13. *Jams Cudworth's letter to Gov. Josiah Winslow.*

This is a letter from the same gentleman who is mentioned in the preceding article. It is dated more than two years after the date of the former: at which time the writer

had the command of the Plymouth forces, on an expedition against the Indians, which he appears to have conducted with approved bravery and discretion.

14. *Letter from John Easton to Gov. Josiah Winslow, of Plymouth colony*, dated in 1675.

15. *Letter from Nathaniel Thomas, on the expedition against Philip, to Governor Winslow*, dated June 25, 1675.

16. *A letter from Secretary Rawson to Governor Winslow, to be communicated to the council.*

17. *Letter from Governor Leverett to Governor Winslow.*

18. *Letter from Edward Palmer to Governor Josiah Winslow*, dated January 16, 1675.

19. *Letter from John Freeman to Governor Winslow*, dated 1675.

20. *Return of the loss in Scituate, in Philip's war. In a letter from the Selectmen of that town to Governor Winslow*, dated 26 January, 1676.

The seven last articles chiefly relate to disputes and wars with the Indians, which were carried on, about that time, with great spirit and success, by the colonists, but with considerable loss. The above letters afford much important information concerning the expeditions and enterprizes to which they relate.

21. *Edward Randolph's letter to Governor Josiah Winslow, relative to his proceedings at Piscataqua*, dated Boston, January 29, 1679.

22. *Sachem Philip, his answer to the letter brought to him from the Governor of New-Plymouth.*

23. *Edward Rawson's letter to the Governor of New-Plymouth, soliciting aid for the College of Cambridge.*

24. *Letter of instructions, from the Massachusetts General Court, to William Bollan, their agent at the Court of Great-Britain*, given in 1756.

The nature of the four last papers, respectively, is sufficiently explained in their titles. Though short, they contain important facts, and are abundantly worthy of being preserved.

25. *Letter from Leonard Hoar, M.D. to Josiah Flint.*

This is a curious article. It is a communication from a gentleman, who was afterwards President of Harvard College, to his nephew, while a student in that institution. —The writer, after a solemn reproof and exhortation respecting some youthful foibles in his nephew, proceeds to give him some hints respecting the objects of his studies, and the proper mode of pursuing them.

26. *Some memoirs for the continuation of the history of the troubles of New-England, from the barbarous and perfidious Indians, instigated by the more savage and inhuman French, of Canada and Nova-Scotia. Began November 3, 1726, by Benjamin Colman, D. D.*

This is a valuable paper. It contains many important facts, and is written in a plain, perspicuous, and popular style.

27. *Letter from Henry Newman, Esq. to the Rev. Henry Flynt*, dated Middle Temple, 10th September, 1723.

28. *Letter from Paul Mascarene to Governor Shirley*, dated Annapolis-Royal, 6th April, 1748.

29. *Prince and Bosworth's petition to the government of Plymouth, relative to the mackarel fishery*, dated Plymouth, June 8, 1671.

30. *Letter from William Bollan, agent for the Massachusetts General Court, at the Court of Great-Britain, to Josiah Willard, secretary of that province, respecting an intention of governing the colonies like Ireland*, dated March 5, 1755.

31. *Mr. Bollan's Petition to the Duke of Bedford, relative to French encroachments*, 1748.

These four articles relate to different objects, and are of different degrees of value. They are all, however, abundantly worthy of the room which they occupy in this volume.

32. *Governor Hamilton's letter to Governor Shirley*, dated Philadelphia, May 6, 1754.
33. *Major Washington's letter to Governor Hamilton.*
34. *A summons from a French officer to the commander of the troops of the King of Great-Britain, at the mouth of the river Monongahela.*
35. *Speech from the Half King to the Governors of Virginia and Pennsylvania, referred to in Major Washington's letter.*

These papers refer to the events of an expedition, on which Major Washington was sent, to the westward, against the French and Indians, in 1754. The letter from this hero at that early period, and the documents accompanying it, afford a specimen of that penetration, firmness, and prudence, which afterward shone with such distinguished lustre in the Commander in Chief of the American armies, and in the President of the United States.

36. *A list of the Presidents of the Colony of Rhode-Island and Providence Plantations, under the first Charter; and of the Governors under the second Charter. Collected from the public records.*
37. *Letter from his Excellency Governor Jay, corresponding member of the Historical Society, to its corresponding Secretary*, dated Albany, October 8, 1799.

This communication is designed to correct a mistake which had been made in one of the papers of the "historical collection," for 1798, respecting some transactions between the State of New-York and the Brothertown Indians. We wish that every reader of historical documents, were equally attentive and careful, and disposed to correct such mistakes as he may discover, with the same candour, urbanity, and regard to truth, which are displayed in this letter.

38. *A letter from the Treasurer of the Massachusetts Historical Society (Col. Tudor), to the President, on the propriety and expediency of an appropriate national name, designatory of the citizens of the United States, as a distinct people from the other inhabitants of the two vast American Peninsulas.*

We agree with the writer of this letter that "an appropriate national name" is highly desirable. We also agree with him in the statement which he gives of the inconveniences and evils which result from the want of such an one. But his ingenious speculations leave the subject, in our minds, where they found it. The name which he, with diffidence suggests, appears to us, on several accounts, objectionable.

39. *Letter from his Excellency Jonathan Trumbull, Esq. to Baron J. D. Vander Capellan, Seigneur du Pot, membres des "nobles de la Province D'Overysel,"* dated Lebanon, August 31, 1779.

This letter is long and interesting. It contains some brief sketches of the settlement and progress of the New-England States, and of the principal events of the revolutionary war, prior to its date. It was addressed to a very respectable correspondent in Europe, and appears to have been designed to counteract some false and unfavourable impressions which had been made on the minds of foreigners, with regard to American affairs. It is a communication worthy of its author, whose distinguished character in his day, and opportunities for obtaining correct information, are well known.

40. *The Petition of the Earl of Stirling, William Philips Lee, and Mary Trumbull, praying to be put in possession of some lands, called the county of Canada, granted to William, Earl of Stirling, in* 1635, *by the council of the affairs of New-England.*
41. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, relative to a reimbursement from Parliament, for the expense of supporting the French neutrals from Nova-Scotia,* dated London, December 10, 1763.
42. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the duty laid by Parliament on foreign molasses,* dated December 30, 1763.
43. *Letter from Jasper Mauduit, Esq. to the Speaker of the House of Representatives of the province of Massachusetts Bay, relative to the duty on foreign molasses, the keeping up ten thousand troops in America, &c.* dated Feb. 11, 1764.
44. *Letter from Thomas Mayhew to Governor Prince.*
45. *Letter from James Walker to Governor Prince.*
46. *Letter from Daniel Gookin to Governor Prince.*
47. *Letter from Governor Prince to Daniel Gookin.*
48. *Instructions from the church at Natick to William and Anthony.*
49. *Letter from Governor Prince to Roger Williams.*
50. *James Quannapaug's information.*
51. *Letter from Governor Stuyvesant, of New-York, to the Governor and Council of Massachusetts.*
52. *Deposition of Hugh Cole, at Plymouth court, A. D.* 1670.

The above thirteen articles relate to different subjects. Some of them are sufficiently explained by their titles. They are all valuable, and contain important materials for the historian.

53. *Description and History of Salem, by the Rev. William Bentley.*

This communication occupies sixty-five pages in the present volume, and is yet to be continued. It does honour to the industry and talents of the writer. If the history of every town in the United States were drawn up with the same ability, faithfulness, and minute care which seem to be displayed in this (so far as it goes), we should be furnished with the materials for a complete history of our country. Perhaps Mr. B. will be thought, in some instances, to discover the fond partiality of a resident in the place which he describes; but this is pardonable, especially when his "description" is, in other respects, so valuable.

We are sorry that the limits to which we are confined prevent our giving extracts from some of the foregoing papers. They would afford entertainment and instruction to the reader.

We take our leave of this collection, by expressing a wish that the respectable association which produced it, may continue their useful labours, and may meet with that encouragement and assistance which they deserve. We observe that a large portion of the papers which have been recited, relate to the history of New-England. This was naturally to be expected, on several accounts; nor do we suppose that the fact arises from any improper partiality in favour of their own portion of the United States, among the gentlemen who compose the society. But are not the corresponding members, and other gentlemen of character in the different States, culpably delinquent in contributing so little as they have hitherto done to this important collection? Either let us consider the society at Boston

a national one, and make it the grand repository of our historical treasures, or else let societies of a similar kind be formed in other States, to co-operate with, and assist the enlightened body of gentlemen to whom we are indebted for the volume which has been presented to the reader.

ART. II.

An Address, in Latin, by Joseph Willard, S. T. D. LL. D. *President; and a Discourse in English, by* David Tappan, S. T. D. *Hollis Professor of Divinity, delivered before the University in Cambridge, February* 21, 1800, *in solemn commemoration of General George Washington.* 8*vo. pp.* 44. Etheridge. 1800.

THIS pamphlet exhibits a view of the proceedings of the University of Cambridge, in Massachusetts, "in solemn and pious commemoration of the singular talents, eminent virtues, and unparalleled services of General Washington." So far as we have been informed, or can now recollect, this University has the honour of being the only one in the United States, which, as a Seminary of learning, has joined in the public expression of mourning, so generally and fervently offered to the memory of the departed chief of America.

The part of this pamphlet which first claims our attention, is the "Introductory Address in *Latin*," by the President, Dr. Willard. We were never disposed to join in the cant of the present day, against the study of the *dead* languages, as a part of a modern liberal education. On the contrary, we believe classic learning to be highly important and useful; and we should be extremely sorry to see it discarded or discouraged in the Colleges and Universities of America. That this, like every other literary acquisition may be abused, or erected into an object of too much relative importance, is undeniable. But to infer from the possibility, or even the frequency of such abuse, the inutility of this branch of education, is, in our opinion, neither candid nor wise. It gives us pleasure, therefore, to see any thing which has a tendency to cultivate the taste, and to countenance the fashion of studying those languages, in seminaries of learning, especially when coming from gentlemen whose character and official station give weight to their opinions, and authority to their example.

We are senible, that, in modern times, to speak and write such latinity as will stand the test of even indulgent criticism, among those who have the works of *Cicero* and of *Cæsar* in their hands, is no easy task. We should be sorry, however, to suppose that the republic of letters is fallen so low, even in America, as not to furnish many who are able to express themselves in this language with purity and correctness, if not with all the elegance and refinement of the Augustian age. And we would fain hope that the heads and instructors of our seminaries of learning, are among the number. Ardently wishing to have this hope confirmed, we acknowledge we took up this specimen of academic literature with no small interest.

The President's Latin address fills only a few pages of the pamphlet before us. But even within this small compass, we discover so many defects and errors, that we much doubt whether it will do any honour either to its worthy author, or to the institution over which he presides. There being nothing remarkable in the sentiments of this

composition, it will only be considered with reference to the language in which it appears.

The address is entitled *Concio brevis a Præside.* Is this agreeable to the Latin idiom? Would not a Roman have said—*Præsidis concio brevis*—or *Concio brevis a Præside habita*—or *Concio brevis quam Præses habuit?* The phrase *eventum acerbissimum*, in the second sentence, is, perhaps, still more exceptionable. *Eventum* signifies a *result* or *issue* of a train of causes; and, therefore, cannot express what we presume to be the author's meaning. Some word should undoubtedly have been chosen which corresponds with *occurrence* in English. *Casus acerbissimus* would have been a more correct expression of the idea intended to be conveyed.

In the same page we find "pro juribus bonisque suis," &c. We recollect no authority for this use of the word *bonis*, excepting in the jargon of the law-books. *Pro aris et focis* is so familiar and established a mode of expressing the idea here intended, that we wonder the President thought of substituting so strange an *anglicism* in its place. The phrase "*nostræ regioni*," in a subsequent branch of the same sentence, is, if we mistake not, liable to a similar criticism. This phrase might have been proper if the author had only designed to refer to the *town* in which he resides, or to *Massachusetts* in general; but if, as we take for granted, he meant to speak of *our country at large*, we believe some modification of the word *patria* should have been used. There is so appropriate a meaning and force in this word, which cannot be expressed in our language but by circumlocution, that we are surprised it escaped his choice.

In the sixth page the following sentence occurs: "Et causas rerum et consecutiones tam clare perspexit, ut rempublicam sapientissime, felicissimeque gessit atque administravit; a patria quidem, oculos nunquam dejecit," &c. This sentence is full of errors. Is the word *consecutiones* used, by correct writers, to express *consequences?* We believe not. Should not some other word have been used in place of *ut*, or else *gessit* and *administravit* been put in the subjunctive mood? *Dejecit* is undoubtedly improper. It should have been *deflexit*, or *avertit*. *Constantis*, *perturbati*, and *capti*, should all have been in the nominative (instead of the genitive case), agreeing with *fortis*, also in the nominative. This branch of the sentence would then have stood thus—"fortis animi et constans, nequaquam in rebus asperis perturbatus, minimeque dolis insidiosis captus," &c. With respect to *liberabilibus*, there is no such word. *Liberalis* makes *liberalibus* in the dative and ablative cases plural. We expected to find this error mentioned in the table of *errata*, which appears to have been made out with great care; but it is not noticed.

The greater part of the criticisms which have been already offered (to say nothing of as many more which might have been made), relate to a single sentence—a sentence so long, so perplexed, and, consequently, so obscure, as to strike the most careless reader unpleasantly. Do not the arguments which have been used by rhetoricians against long and involved sentences, equally apply to all languages? It is true, indeed, *Cicero* abounds with periods constructed with some intricacy, and lengthened out beyond the usual limits; but still they are flowing and lucid. We can call to mind no sentence of the Roman orator which, in point of length and tediousness, can be compared with the one in question. We mention this illustrious name among the list of classic authors, because, if we mistake not, he is a writer whom Dr. W. regards

as a particular favourite, and whom he has attempted to follow—we are sorry we are compelled to add—

——*haud passibus æquis.*

In the seventh page we meet with the following passage—" Te autem ad tempus modò divino munere donatum terræ—Te non tam diebus quam existimatione eximiâ longé latéque diffusa, fama insolita, gloriaque rarissima," &c. We know of no authority for the phrase *ad tempus*, as it is here used. *Gloria rarissima* is equally faulty. A writer who understood the Latin idiom would have expressed the word *extraordinary* or *singular*, here intended, by a circumlocution, such as *paucis potitâ*, &c. In the next sentence, President W. says, " Dum autem hanc derelictionem tristissimam defleamus," &c. *Derelictio* signifies a *forsaking*, *deserting*, or *abandoning*. But we presume there could have been no intention to convey such an idea here. The separation between Washington and his countrymen which we deplore, was not, surely, a *desertion* or *abandonment* on his part. He was removed by the sovereign will of an higher Power. With respect to us, it was a *bereavement* or *deprivation*. The Latins, indeed, sometimes said *relinquere vitam;* but the propriety of this phrase obviously results from *vitam* being connected with the verb. The expression *ne simus negligentes*, in a subsequent branch of the same sentence, is a gross *anglicism*.

Page eighth contains the following sentences: " Hujus concionis meæ (si concio dicatur) non fuit propositum, ut omnes virtutes varias ac sublimas, resque gestas insignes, quæ per vitam eximiam nostri Washington egregii præstantissimique splenduerunt, panagyri tractarem atque celebrarem. Si propositum vero, tamen debilitata salus mea, infractæque vires," &c. We are at a loss to conjecture from what source the President derived the word *sublimas*. He will readily recollect that *sublimis* makes *sublimes* in the plural. We are aware, indeed, that *sublimus* is to be found in some dictionaries, among the obsolete or corrupt words, and that it may be met with in such writers as *Plautus* and others, who sustain no character for classic purity; but we should not have expected to meet with it in the composition of one who had access to better models. A little farther on, in the same sentence, we find the word *panagyri*. This, in the list of errors, we are directed to read *panegyri*. But we do not see that this correction removes the difficulty. *Modo panegyrico*, or *oratione panegyrica*, might have been proper; but *panegyri*, taken alone, we believe, is wholly inadmissible. Immediately following the last, there is another mistake, still more singular. We refer to the phrase *debilitata salus*. This certainly is not Latin. The President seems to have supposed, that the Roman idiom admitted of a literal translation of the English expression *good* or *bad health*. But this is by no means the case. The word *salus* is never used to signify any thing else than a perfectly *sound*, or *healthful* condition. It appears to us, therefore, that to speak of *timid fortitude*, *modest impudence*, or *ingenious stupidity*, would be quite as defensible in our language, as *debilitata salus* is in the Latin.

In page ninth, the President says—" Persuasissimum est mihi totius literariæ Societatis," &c. *Literariæ Societatis* has not a classic sound to our ears. We believe it is not a Latin phrase. If he meant to speak of *the whole republic of letters*, he might have expressed it much better, by *omnes literis addicti*, or *literis dediti*, or in some such manner. A similar remark

may be made on a branch of the next sentence. We refer to the phrase *conspicuæ famæ*. We presume the slightest attention to the passage will be sufficient to convince any one, that this expression is not agreeable to the structure of the Latin language. *Famâ celebres*, or *laudibus insignes*, might have conveyed what we suppose to be the author's meaning; but *conspicuæ famæ* must, we think, on several accounts, be pronounced incorrect, and inadmissible.

In addressing the Professor of Divinity, (p. 9), the President speaks thus—" Nos omnes tuis suggestis, idoneis et appositis," &c. The word *suggestum* signifies a *chair*, or *pulpit*, from which orations or sermons are delivered. Did our author mean, by a bold figure, to speak of the *seat* from which the professor of divinity delivered his suitable and instructive addresses? Or does he refer to the addresses themselves? If the former, we can only say, the figure is not very skilfully conducted. If the latter, he has been singularly unfortunate in the selection of a word to express his meaning. There is, we know, such a word as *suggestio;* but it is scarcely necessary to say, that no inflection of this noun, hitherto practised, can give *suggestis.*

We shall only take the liberty to remark on one passage more. In speaking of heaven (p. 10), President W. calls it--" Regnum illum beatum ubi—mors amplius non existabit." Where did he find the word *existabit?* Did he mean to derive it from *existo?* If we do not mistake, the third person singular, of the future tense, indicative mood of that verb, is *existet.* Did he mean to derive it from *exto* or *exsto,* it should then have been *extabit.*

On the whole, we have seldom seen a specimen of Latin composition which had so little claim to the character of purity and correctness, to say nothing of elegance. One prominent fault continually meets our eyes in glancing over the pages of this short address; which is an excessive predilection for English idiom. Like the President, we admire our mother-tongue, for its energy, expressiveness, and copiousness; but the intrusion even of our best phrases, drawn from 'English fountains, pure and undefiled,' into the polished language of the Augustan age, seems to us to savour of the incongruity and violence of literary anachronism.

Humano capiti cervicem pictor equinam
Jungere si velit, et varias inducere plumas
Undique collatis membris; aut turpiter atrum
Desinat in piscem mulier formosa superne;
Spectatum admissi, risum teneatis, amici?

The " Discourse in English," by Dr. TAPPAN, Professor of Divinity, remains to be considered.—Though this occupies more than three-fourths of the pamphlet; yet, not being of such a nature as to require the verbal criticism bestowed on the former part, it may be dismissed in a few words. We think it deserves to be mentioned among the most respectable productions which have appeared on the same subject. Professor T. indeed, displays but little of the overpowering fire of the orator. He discovers no disposition to attempt bold and daring flights. Nor has he, that we can discover, in his account of General Washington, taken any new ground, or drawn his character in a manner which can be pronounced original. But in simplicity, and general correctness of style; in seriousness, good sense, and dignity; in the moral application which he makes of his subject, and in the tendency of the whole to *do good*—the most worthy object of every one, and especially of a christian divine—we believe he has been exceeded by very few.

Art. III.

An Appendix to the Notes on Virginia, relative to the Murder of Logan's Family. By Thomas Jefferson. 8vo. *pp.* 52. *Philadelphia.* Smith. 1800.

We presume the most of our readers recollect the passage in Mr. Jefferson's "Notes on Virginia," which this pamphlet is designed to elucidate and defend. Some philosophers of Europe had advanced an opinion, that there is something in the soil, climate, and other circumstances of America, which occasions animal nature to degenerate. They extended this opinion to the men as well as to the brutal tribes of our western world. Mr. Jefferson, in the above-mentioned work, thought proper to examine and controvert a theory, which he considered "so unfounded and degrading to one third of the globe;" and among other proofs adduced in opposition to it, he mentions the speech of *Logan*, an Indian chief, as a specimen of the talents, and particularly of the eloquence of the aboriginals of this country. In 1797, the authenticity of this speech, and the truth of the transaction related in connection with it, were, for the first time, called in question, by a gentleman in the State of Maryland, in some newspaper publications; who charged Mr. Jefferson with forging the whole, to answer his own purposes. These charges passed, for more than two years, without any public notice by Mr. J. But he at length deemed it proper to give the subject a new examination, and to lay before the public the evidence on which his account of the murder of *Logan*'s family by *Cresap*, and of the speech of that eloquent savage, rested.

Such is the design of this Appendix. It is made up of letters, certificates, and depositions, which, we think, abundantly prove, that the speech of Logan, as given by Mr. J. in his "Notes," was really delivered by that celebrated chief;—that the account of *Cresap*'s murders, on which the speech was founded, was substantially true;—and that Mr. J. ought to be considered as standing completely exculpated both from the charge of forgery and of injuring *Cresap*.

We have no doubt that the simplicity, candour, dignity, and moderation of the following letter from Mr. J. to Governor Henry, of Maryland, will give pleasure to the reader.—

"*Philadelphia, Dec.* 31, 1797.

"Dear Sir,

"Mr. Tazewell has communicated to me the inquiries you have been so kind as to make, relative to a passage in the Notes on Virginia, which has lately excited some newspaper publications. I feel, with great sensibility, the interest you take in this business, and, with pleasure, go into explanations with one whose objects I know to be truth and justice alone. Had Mr. Martin thought proper to suggest to me, that doubts might be entertained of the transaction respecting Logan, as stated in the Notes on Virginia, and to inquire on what grounds that statement was founded, I should have felt myself obliged, by the inquiry, to have informed him candidly of the grounds, and cordially have co-operated in every means of investigating the fact, and correcting whatsoever in it should be found to have been erroneous. But he chose to step at once into the newspapers, and in his publications there, and the letters he wrote to me, adopted a style which forbade the respect of an answer. Sensible, however, that no act of his could absolve me from the justice due to others, as soon as I found that the story of Logan could be

doubted, I determined to inquire into it as accurately as the testimony remaining, after a lapse of twenty odd years, would permit; and that the result should be made known, either in the first new edition which should be printed of the Notes on Virginia, or by publishing an appendix. I thought that so far as that work had contributed to impeach the memory of Cresap, by handing on an erroneous charge, it was proper it should be made the vehicle of retribution. Not that I was at all the author of the injury. I had only concurred, with thousands and thousands of others, in believing a transaction on authority which merited respect. For the story of Logan is only repeated in the Notes on Virginia, precisely as it had been current for more than a dozen years before they were published. When Lord Dunmore returned from the expedition against the Indians, in 1774, he and his officers brought the speech of Logan, and related the circumstances connected with it. These were so affecting, and the speech itself so fine a morsel of eloquence, that it became the theme of every conversation, in Williamsburgh particularly, and, generally, indeed, wheresoever any of the officers resided or resorted. I learned it in Williamsburgh; I believe at Lord Dunmore's; and I find in my pocket-book of that year (1774), an entry of the narrative, as taken from the mouth of some person, whose name, however, is not noted, nor recollected, precisely in the words stated in the Notes on Virginia. The speech was published in the Virginia Gazette of that time (I have it myself in the volume of Gazettes of that year), and though in a style by no means elegant, yet it was so admired, that it flew through all the public papers of the continent, and through the Magazines and other periodical publications of Great Britain; and those who were boys at that day will now attest, that the speech of Logan used to be given them as a school exercise for repetition. It was not till about thirteen or fourteen years after the newspaper publications, that the Notes on Virginia were published in America. Combatting, in these, the contumelious theory of certain European writers, whose celebrity gave currency and weight to their opinions, that our country, from the combined effects of soil and climate, degenerated animal nature, in the general, and particularly the moral faculties of man; I considered the speech of Logan as an apt proof of the contrary, and used it as such; and I copied, verbatim, the narrative I had taken down in 1774, and the speech as it had been given us in a better translation by Lord Dunmore. I knew nothing of the Cresaps, and could not possibly have a motive to do them any injury with design. I repeated what thousands had done before, on as good authority as we have for most of the facts we learn through life, and such as, to this moment, I have seen no reason to doubt. That any body questioned it, was never suspected by me, till I saw the letter of Mr. Martin, in the Baltimore paper. I endeavoured then to recollect who, among my cotemporaries, of the same circle of society, and consequently of the same recollections, might still be alive. Three and twenty years of death and dispersion had left very few. I remembered, however, that General Gibson was still living, and knew that he had been the translator of the speech. I wrote to him immediately. He, in answer, declares to me that he was the very person sent by Lord Dunmore to the Indian town; that, after he had delivered his message there, Logan took him out to a neighbouring

wood; sat down with him, and rehearsing, with tears, the catastrophe of his family, gave him that speech for Lord Dunmore; that he carried it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him; has turned to it in the Encyclopædia, as taken from the Notes on Virginia, and finds that it was his translation I had used, with only two or three verbal variations, of no importance. These, I suppose, had arisen in the course of successive copies. I cite General Gibson's letter by memory, not having it with me; but I am sure I cite it substantially right. It establishes, unquestionably, that the speech of Logan is genuine; and that being established, it is Logan himself who is author of all the important facts. "Colonel Cresap," says he, "in cold blood, and unprovoked, murdered all the relations of Logan, not sparing even my women and children. There runs not a drop of my blood in the veins of any living creature." The person and the fact, in all its material circumstances, are here given by Logan himself. General Gibson, indeed, says that the title was mistaken; that Cresap was a captain, and not a colonel. This was Logan's mistake. He also observes, that it was on the Ohio, and not on the Kanhaway itself, that his family was killed. This is an error which has crept into the traditionary account; but surely of little moment in the moral view of the subject. The material question is, Was Logan's family murdered, and by whom? That it was murdered, has not, I believe, been denied; that it was by one of the Cresaps, Logan affirms. This is a question which concerns the memories of Logan and Cresap; to the issue of which, I am as indifferent as if I had never heard the name of either. I have begun and shall continue to inquire into the evidence additional to Logan's, on which the fact was founded. Little, indeed, can now be heard of, and that little dispersed and distant. If it shall appear on inquiry, that Logan has been wrong in charging Cresap with the murder of his family, I will do justice to the memory of Cresap, as far as I have contributed to the injury, by believing and repeating what others had believed and repeated before me. If, on the other hand, I find that Logan was right in his charge, I will vindicate, as far as my suffrage may go, the truth of a Chief, whose talents and misfortunes have attached to him the respect and commiseration of the world.

"I have gone, my dear Sir, into this lengthy detail, to satisfy a mind, in the candour and rectitude of which I have the highest confidence. So far as you may incline to use the communication for rectifying the judgments of those who are willing to see things truly as they are, you are free to use it. But I pray that no confidence which you may repose in any one, may induce you to let it go out of your hands, so as to get into a newspaper. Against a contest in that field I am entirely decided. I feel extraordinary gratification, indeed, in addressing this letter to you, with whom shades of difference in political sentiment have not prevented the interchange of good opinion, nor cut off the friendly offices of society and good correspondence. This political tolerance is the more valued by me, who consider social harmony as the first of human felicities, and the happiest moments, those which are given to the effusions of the heart. Accept them sincerely, I pray you, from one who has the honour to be, with sentiments of high respect and attachment,

"Dear Sir, your most obedient,

"And most humble servant,

"THOMAS JEFFERSON."

The following is the testimony of General Gibson, referred to in the preceding letter:—

"*Allegheny County,*
"*State of Pennsylvania.* } ss.

"Before me the subscriber, a justice of the peace in and for said county, personally appeared John Gibson, Esq. an associate Judge of same county, who, being duly sworn, deposeth and saith, that he traded with the Shawnese and other tribes of Indians then settled on the Siota, in the year 1773, and in the beginning of the year 1774, and that in the month of April of the same year, he left the same Indian towns, and came to this place, in order to procure some goods and provisions; that he remained here only a few days, and then set out, in company with a certain Alexander Blaine and Mr. Elliot, by water, to return to the towns on Siota; and that one evening as they were drifting in their canoes near the Long Reach on the Ohio, they were hailed by a number of white men on the south-west shore, who requested them to put ashore, as they had disagreeable news to inform them of; that we then landed on shore, and found amongst the party a Major Angus M'Donald, from West Chester, a Doctor Woods, from same place, and a party, as they said, of one hundred and fifty men. We then asked the news. They informed us that some of the party who had been taking up, and improving lands near the Big Kanhawa river, had seen another party of white men, who informed them that they and some others had fell in with a party of Shawnese, who had been hunting on the south-west side of the Ohio; that they had killed the whole of the Indian party, and that the others had gone across the country to Cheat river with the horses and plunder, the consequence of which they apprehended would be an Indian war, and that they were flying away. On making inquiry of them when this murder should have happened, we found that it must have been some considerable time before we left the Indian towns, and that there was not the smallest foundation for the report, as there was not a single man of the Shawnese, but what returned from hunting long before this should have happened.

"We then informed them that if they would agree to remain at the place we then were, one of us would go to Hock Hocking river with some of their party, where we should find some of our people making canoes, and that if we did not find them there, we might conclude that every thing was not right. Doctor Woods and another person then proposed going with me; the rest of the party seemed to agree, but said they would send and consult Captain Cresap, who was about two miles from that place. They sent off for him, and during the greatest part of the night they behaved in the most disorderly manner, threatening to kill us, and saying, the damned traders were worse than the Indians, and ought to be killed. In the morning Captain Michael Cresap came to the camp. I then gave him the information as above related. They then met in Council, and, after an hour or more, Captain Cresap returned to me, and informed that he could not prevail on them to adopt the proposal I had made to them; that as he had a great regard for Captain R. Callender, a brother-in-law of mine, with whom I was connected in trade, he advised me by no means to think of proceeding any further, as he was convinced the present party would fall on and kill every Indian they met on the river; that for his part he should not continue with them, but go right across the country to

Red Stone, to avoid the consequences. That we then proceeded to Hocking, and went up the same to the canoe place, where we found our people at work; and, after some days, we proceeded to the towns on Siota by land. On our arrival there, we heard of the different murders committed by the party on their way up the Ohio.

"This Deponent further saith, that in the year 1774, he accompanied Lord Dunmore on the expedition against the Shawnese and other Indians on the Siota; that on their arrival within fifteen miles of the towns, they were met by a flag, and a white man of the name of Elliot, who informed Lord Dunmore that the Chiefs of the Shawnese had sent to request his Lordship to halt his army, and send in some person who understood their language; that this Deponent, at the request of Lord Dunmore, and the whole of the officers with him, went in; that on his arrival at the towns, Logan, the Indian, came to where this Deponent was sitting with the Corn-Stalk, and the other Chiefs of the Shawnese, and asked him to walk out with him; that they went into a copse of wood, where they sat down, when Logan, after shedding abundance of tears, delivered to him the speech, nearly as related by Mr. Jefferson in his Notes on the State of Virginia; that he, the Deponent, told him then, that it was not Col. Cresap who had murdered his relations; and that although his son, Captain Michael Cresap, was with the party who killed a Shawnese Chief and other Indians, yet he was not present when his relations were killed at Barker's, near the mouth of Yellow Creek, on the Ohio; that this Deponent, on his return to camp, delivered the speech to Lord Dunmore; and that the murders perpetrated as above, were considered as ultimately the cause of the war of 1774, commonly called Cresap's war.

"JOHN GIBSON.

"*Sworn and subscribed the 4th April, 1800, at Pittsburgh, before me,*

"JER. BARKER."

After a number of other letters and affidavits, from different persons, Mr. J. concludes his remarks on the mass of testimony adduced, with the following paragraphs:—

"Of the genuineness of that speech, nothing need be said. It was known to the camp where it was delivered; it was given out by Lord Dunmore and his officers; it ran through the public papers of these States; was rehearsed as an exercise at schools; published in the papers and periodical works of Europe; and all this, a dozen years before it was copied into the Notes on Virginia. In fine, General Gibson concludes the question forever, by declaring that he received it from Logan's hand; delivered it to Lord Dunmore; translated it for him, and that the copy in the Notes on Virginia, is a faithful copy.

"The popular account of these transactions, as stated in the Notes on Virginia, appears, on collecting exact information, imperfect and erroneous in its details. It was the belief of the day; but how far its errors were to the prejudice of Cresap, the reader will now judge. That he, and those under him, murdered two Indians above Wheeling; that they murdered a larger number at Grave Creek, among whom were a part of the family and relations of Logan, cannot be questioned; and as little, that this led to the massacre of the rest of the family at Yellow Creek. Logan imputed the whole to Cresap, in his war-note, and peace-speech; the Indians generally imputed it to Cresap; Lord Dunmore and his officers imputed it to Cre-

sap; the country with one accord imputed it to him; and, whether he were innocent, let the universal verdict now declare."

We conclude our remarks on this pamphlet by observing, that the speech, the authenticity of which it is intended to establish, is, indeed, a most wonderful specimen of simple, unaffected eloquence. And to establish the fact, that it really came from a savage, is a point, in our opinion, so interesting, that it was abundantly worth the pains taken to collect and publish this mass of testimony, independent of the proof which is thereby furnished of Mr. J.'s integrity in the affair.

ART. IV.

Poems, by Samuel Low. *In two volumes.* 12*mo. Vol.* i. *pp.* 147. *New-York.* T. & J. Swords. 1800.

THAT author is much to be envied who not only derives self-gratification from the exercise of his pen in the recesses of study, but enjoys the sweet satisfaction of hearing hundreds acknowledge, that they have received pleasure and instruction from the compositions of his genius. But it seems there are some writers so careless, or rather so diffident of acquiring literary renown, that they are contented with the retired and spontaneous exercise of their faculties, without exposing themselves to the inquisition of criticism, by coming forward as candidates for public applause: and that man may surely be deemed fortunate, who possesses the art of amusing his leisure with the elegant occupations of taste and literature, without toiling to promote the entertainment of others. The author of the work before us appears to have been a character of the last description, for he tells us in his preface, that he wrote for his own amusement and improvement,—but his friends, it seems, requested a publication; and thus a volume (the prelude of a second) comes forth to invite the public regard, and to solicit a station on the shelf of the Muses. He did not, perhaps, recollect, that good friends may sometimes be bad critics, or that complaisance may yield approbation, while taste and judgment are silently entering a protest against the claim.

As the Poems appear to be nothing more than occasional effusions, relating principally to local incidents, and personal circumstances of the author, they can scarcely be consider as fit subjects of separate and regular criticism. From a general survey of the style and structure of the verse, we can very readily decide on his pretensions to poetical merit, and unless a nicer scrutiny leads us to the discovery of some beauties that have not yet disclosed themselves, we may venture to predict that Mr. L.'s book will not

"Last eternal, thro' the length of days."

General terms of disapprobation may not, however, be considered by all as decisive of the character of the work; and they whose partiality or courtesy may incline them to praise, will require some striking instances of poetical deficiency before they consent to be persuaded that the author is not one of the inspired.

It was the observation of the poet Simonides, that "Poetry is a speaking picture, and painting mute poetry." Our author, we presume, was no stranger to this idea—his pictures, however, are not always eloquent, and they sometimes speak without melody of voice, or elegance of diction. Thus, in representing the rise of our seminaries, and the literary advancement of our youth,

" Another theme I now attempt to ſing,
And try to ſtretch a more advent'rous wing;
Our intellectual progreſs claims my lay,
To ſing the growth of Science I aſſay;
Whoſe fruits, delectable to mental taſte,
Now bleſs theſe regions, late a ſavage waſte;
For, lo! where thorns and thiſtles lately grew,
A thouſand ſeminaries riſe to view;
And as the number grows, tranſporting truth!
In literary fame advance our youth."

A thousand seminaries springing up at once, and usurping the territory of the thorns and thistles, may, in the conception of some, be very beautiful and picturesque. Such, probably, will feel equal admiration at the following picture—

" Huſh'd be the din of arms,
Henceforth the *olive's charms*
Shall war *preclude;*
Theſe *ſhores* a *head* ſhall own,
Unſully'd by a *throne*,
Our much lov'd WASHINGTON,
The great, the good!"

Every poet well knows how hard it is to climb up the hill of Sublimity, and how liable are the most cautious to tumble backwards, like the rock of Sisyphus, into that great gulph called the *Bathos*. The last line in the following quotation evinces that our bard was not proof against the common disaster.

" Death ſtalks inſatiate, thund'ring cannon roar,
And loud re-bellow from the diſtant ſhore:
Each lab'ring ſhip the dire concuſſion feels,
With death-fraught balls her hull convulſive reels:
Beneath the mighty ſhock old Ocean ſhakes,
And Neptune wonders what ſuch uproar makes!"

The introduction of the spirit of Washington into heaven, and its coming up to its Maker and making a bow, is neither awfully grand, nor *elegantly* little.

" The heavenly minſtrels loud hoſannas ſing,
And his pure ſpirit to its Maker bring;
In God's effulgent preſence, lo! he bows;
A crown of well-earn'd glory decks his brows!"

The extent of Milton's ken is thus described; and surely the dignity of the style is not below the elevation of the idea.

" From heav'n to Tartarus profound,
Could compaſs vaſt creation round:
Eternity, infinitude,
With more than mortal eyes he view'd;
Or ſaw as clear as mortal cou'd."

It seems to be the prerogative of the poet to levy contributions on all the departments of creation. His despotic fancy exacts obedience even from the elements; he imparts to them his joys and his sorrows, commands their sympathy, and makes them " pipe whatever tune he pleases." When death robs him of his friend, he prescribes a general mourning through all the realms of nature: the face of heaven is overspread with gloom, and all the flowers of the field droop with despondence; he imposes silence on the merry songsters of the grove, and allows none to speak save faithful Echo, whose airy voice grows hoarse with repetition of his plaints.

Our author, not forgetful of his privilege, has taken occasion to exercise his authority with a pretty high hand. Hark! how nature sighs, and the winds groan under the tyranny of his imagination:

" Nature, convuls'd with ſympathetic throes,
Sighs ſad reſponſes to the Muſe's moan;
And the loud ſtorm expreſſes as it blows,
In diſmal ſtrains—the Muſe's friend is gone!"

Of his talent at Elegiac composition we give a specimen:

" Firſt thou, the inſtructor of thoſe
Whom nature hath giv'n me to raiſe,
A life of much value didſt cloſe,
Its value tranſcends my weak praiſe."

"Oh! let me not, impious, repine,
That now fewer friends are my lot;
But ſee the hand equally thine,
Which ſpar'd my companions or not!"

His lines addressed to Kotzebue exhibit a just portrait of that author, and convey remarks that bespeak a good portion of taste and discrimination in Mr. L. as an admirer of the drama. When viewed, however, in a poetical light, we do not perceive those delicate touches, and vivid tints, that we expect of him who ventures to handle the pencil of the Muses. We are not thrown into surprise by the richness of imagery, nor captivated by the beauty of expression. Of a great part of this address, we may remark, in the language of Dr. Johnson, "it is so much like prose, that we scorn it for pretending to be verse."

If there are any passages in this book of Poems entitled to positive commendation, we imagine the following lines will have the fairest claim to selection:

"Great is the power of Mem'ry's magic ſpell;
I love of long departed joys to tell:
When thy ſtrong arm, oh Health! the ſtripling brac'd,
And ev'ry limb with pliant action grac'd,
Oft have I clim'd the mountain's giddy height,
And, eagle-ey'd, beheld thy viſage bright;
Thine energies before me went,
And made me mock the perilous aſcent:
Swift as the rein-deer was my flight.
Sublimely bending o'er the craggy brink,
Thy power forbad th' advent'rous youth to ſhrink,
Prompting to deeds of valour and of might:
Upborne by thee, he gain'd yon lofty brow;—
Thro' Mem'ry's priſm I there behold thee now;
I know thy ſteady, firm, majeſtic gait;
I ſee the mountain nymphs around thee wait;
I ſee thy lib'ral hand among them drop
Its choiceſt gifts, and now I hear them hail
Thee patron of the foreſt and the vale;
But chief, thee, Goddeſs of the mountain top!"

We will not deny that Mr. L. poſſeſſes some powers of fancy, and diſcovers, in several instances, a faculty for poetical embellishment. His compoſitions might appear to some advantage in the Poet's corner of a gazette, or acquire popularity by choosing for their vehicle a pamphlet or hand-bill. But when they embody themſelves in volumes, and march to our libraries, *to "rank and size,"* to use a military phraſe, with Gray, Goldſmith, and Campbell, they then become the ſubjects of rigid inſpection, and muſt not paſs, unleſs they diſplay the vigour of genius, united with the correctneſs of poetic diſcipline.

In an extenſive poem, either of the epic or didactic kind, ſlight defects may be compenſated by the prevalence of ſuperior beauties. Genius diffuſes a ſplendor that renders us almoſt regardleſs, if not inſenſible, of incidental blemiſhes. But in ſhort occaſional compoſitions, like thoſe of the preſent volume, we expect almoſt uniformity of excellence; at all events, neatneſs and elegance are indiſpenſible: deſtitute of theſe qualities, they will never be favoured with a ſecond peruſal. Some of the pieces are correct, without point or ſtrength; but none of them conſpicuous for originality of idea, beauty of ſimile, ingenuity of deſcription, or harmony of verſe. In their greateſt efforts they hardly ſhow themſelves above the level of mediocrity; and it has been declared by the bard of Venuſia, that

——"*Mediocribus eſſe poetis,*
Non homines, non Di, non conceſſere columnæ."

Art. V.

A Diſcourſe on the death of General Waſhington, *late Preſident of the United States: Delivered on the 22d day of February*, 1800, *in the Church in Williamsburg. By*

James Madison, *D. D. Bishop of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Virginia, and President of William and Mary College. The 2d edition—corrected.* 8vo. *pp.* 42. *Printed in New-York, by* T. & J. Swords, *for* W. Prichard, *Richmond.* 1800.

"I Have fought a good fight, I have finished my course," (2 Tim. iv. 7.) is the text prefixed to this discourse. After some very pertinent and judicious observations on the interesting spectacle of public mourning for the death of Washington, and the presage of future virtue and patriotism, which this spirit of national gratitude and admiration for his eminent talents and services affords, Dr. M. proceeds to consider the character of the illustrious deceased in three points of view—as a military commander—as the first civil magistrate—and as a private citizen.

Of the early exercises and preparation of Washington for the great part which he afterwards performed, Dr. M. thus speaks:

"The fatal battle in which Braddock fell was only the prelude to those torrents of blood, which flowed from the contest of two vast but rival powers. Washington, now commander of all the forces raised in Virginia, continued the career of military glory, which he had so happily commenced, until his constitution, naturally strong and robust, became debilitated, by incessant fatigue, and the unusual hardship to which he was exposed. He was thus compelled to retire from the service of his country, attended with the sincere regret of all his companions in arms. But this retirement was only a preparation for the august theatre upon which he was afterwards to appear. It would be delightful could we attend him in this retirement—could we here trace out the steps which his philosophic mind pursued in the acquisition of useful knowledge. Hitherto Turenne, Marlborough, and Eugene, had been his preceptors. I know with what ardency, in the early stage of his life, he followed them through every campaign, retraced their battles, and thus served under those illustrious men. Washington has often been supposed to have made a Camillus, a Fabius, or an Emilius, his prototype. I believe that he was himself destined to be a high example to mankind, and that the native strength of his own mind soared above imitation; but still it is probable, that his knowledge in tactics was greatly perfected during this period of retirement, by cultivating an acquaintance with the most distinguished commanders of ancient and modern times. Nor can it be doubted, that politics, the true principles of all lawful governments, and especially the rights and interests of America, often occupied his active and penetrating mind. No one had a firmer hold of the chain of causes and effects. No one saw with more clearness the astonishing progress of America, in population and in wealth, or better knew how to estimate the operating causes. Perhaps his *eagle-eye* saw, that *this vast continent could not long revolve round a small spot in the ocean.* But, whatever may have been the presentiment of his mind, it is certain that in this retirement he cultivated all those social virtues which attach man to man, and faithfully discharged those duties which a good citizen owes to his country; nor is it less certain, that he continued, without interruption, the active friend of religion, and at no time forgetful of his God."

Dr. M. presents, in a rapid and eloquent narrative, the principal events of the war in which the American hero appeared with so much glory and success. These events are familiar to our readers—

but some circumstances, which relate to the last great atchievement of the army, give additional lustre to the character of Washington.

"That last scene was reserved for Virginia. Her favourite son was destined, in her bosom, to receive the reward of all his toils, and to finish, in her sight, his career of military glory. I will not open wounds which are but just healed; I will not awake the feelings of the friend, the orphan, or the parent; nor will I call to mind the accumulated distress which mourned throughout this land. Suffice it to say, that a superior and a gallant foe, *the conqueror of India*, spread terror and desolation on every side. Washington saw the decisive moment; he saw that Providence had, at length, presented the opportunity of closing the sufferings of his country. With a decision, a profoundness of judgment, which astonishes, he projected, and formed, with his brave and generous allies, a plan apparently the most difficult in its execution, and which, to common apprehension, would have indicated only the feebleness of vanity and folly. A powerful enemy in New-York was to be kept in a state of alarm for his safety; allied troops were to be assembled at the same moment, not only from a distant quarter on the Continent, but from Islands still more remote; a fleet, which gallantry aided in the great design, was to second every movement, and to assume its place at the appointed time; his own troops, by rapid marches, were to ensure their arrival at the period affixed; the militia of Virginia, provisions of all kinds, were to be collected. How many powers were here to be combined! What difficulty in their arrangement! What prudence in adjusting means so discordant! What secrecy in the execution! The mind of Washington was superior to every difficulty. The hostile army beheld themselves surrounded by a force, which ensured their captivity before they suspected the design. Nothing more clearly evinces the strength of mind which this extraordinary man possessed, than the sure calculation which he had made of the result of all his measures, and also of the consequences which would attend the success of this bold but well-concerted enterprise. Weak minds, ever vacillating, find their emblem in the aspin's leaf. They have no centre of repose. That of Washington was self-poised; it felt its own weight, and rested upon its own determinations. The Admiral of the allied forces hesitated whether he should keep the station assigned to him. America should often review the letter which Washington wrote to him from this city. Hear it, fellow-citizens:—'I am unable to describe the painful anxiety under which I have laboured since the reception of your letter. It obliges me *warmly* to urge a perseverance in the plan agreed upon. The attempt upon York, under the protection of your shipping, is as certain of success as a superior force, and a superiority of measures, can render any military operation. The capture of the British army is a matter so important in itself, and *in its consequences*, that it must greatly tend to put an end to the war.' —After pointing out the certain and fatal event which would follow the removal of the allied fleet, he adds, 'I earnestly beg your Excellency to consider, that, if by moving your fleet from the situation agreed upon, we lose the present opportunity, we shall never hereafter have it in our power to strike so decisive a blow, and the period of an honourable peace will be farther distant than ever.' He then assures the Admiral, that he had nothing to fear from the fleet of the enemy, however superior, stationed as he was; and then concludes,

'I am to press your Excellency to persevere in the scheme so happily concerted between us.'—This letter was the anchor of victory. Washington, with his brave allies, advanced to York. They came, they saw, they conquered!"

The character of Washington, as a statesman and civil magistrate, is, in the opinion of Dr. M. no less deserving of our admiration than that which belongs to him as a commander of armies. His system of national policy, and the means of securing our national happiness and prosperity, which he recommended and pursued, receives high and merited commendation.

"Was, then, Washington exempt from error? This," says Dr. M. "I do not say. He was a man; and, consequently, had the infirmities of man. But this I do believe, and think the whole tenor of his life justifies the belief—that, if he did err, his errors were never intentional. Human wisdom and human virtue claim no higher prerogative. To heaven only infallibility belongs. But though Washington may have erred, he had the merit of extracting glory even from his errors."

As a patriotic citizen, and in the shade of retirement, he is thus described by this eulogist:

"Humane, charitable, wise and just, in every situation, he was always consistent, always equal to himself, always evincing that rectitude of conduct was his sovereign good. The poor found, in him, a guardian; genius a patron; the honest and the meritorious a friend; the dissolute, the impious, and the profane, always an enemy. Sincerely religious, his attendance upon the service of his God was the dictate of real piety. *Such his modesty, that whilst he was the admiration of all, he alone, like Moses, descended from the mount, seemed ignorant of the light which shone around him.* Such his prudence, that not a word, not an action escaped him, which would not admit of a rational justification. This singular character of reason accompanied him through life. Yes, brethren, it was in Washington that those four cardinal virtues, justice, prudence, temperance and fortitude, formed an union so rare and so complete. To these virtues was added an understanding the most clear and extensive. His various official communications, his addresses to his countrymen, his answers to the innumerable congratulations which he received, all of which are sufficient to form volumes; whatever came from his pen, whilst it was always distinguished by a style the most perspicuous, the most strong and manly, evinced, at the same time, a vast mind, a superior intellect, which could grasp every thing, and which laboured incessantly to promote public and private felicity."

Of the style of this discourse the reader will be enabled to judge from the extracts we have made. Its structure and arrangement are skilful and judicious, and the sentiments it contains such as will find an advocate in the bosom of every American.

The eloquence of Dr. M. is easy, animated, and flowing.—Often figurative and impassioned, he may be thought, by the cool observer, in a few instances, to transcend the bounds of metaphorical propriety.

His performance will, doubtless, be ranked among the few which merit to be preserved, as having done honour to the memory of the great patriot of America.

Art. VI.

Report of the trial of Levi Weeks, on an indictment for the murder of Gulielma Sands, on Monday, March 31, and Tuesday, April 1, 1800.

Taken in short-hand by the Clerk of the Court. 8*vo. pp.* 98. *New-York.* J. Furman. 1800.

LITTLE need be said of this performance, besides announcing it. On the nature of the evidence, and the propriety of the verdict of the jury, we must not assume the province of judging. The fidelity of this narrative can be fully known to, and nicely estimated only by those who were present, and attentive to the trial. To us, as far as we can judge, it seems to be accurately taken.

Performances of this kind are of great value to those who delight to survey or to depict the genuine face of human affairs, and the scenery of humble and domestic life. Their importance is, perhaps, enhanced, in our own country, by their rarity; and this importance will be still greater if this trial should prove, as is predicted by some warm admirers of the reformed system of punishment, the last that shall take place, for a capital offence, in the State of New-York.

Many will scarcely flatter themselves that its non-occurrence, in future, will flow from the purity of our manners. The best foundation will be, the persuasion that mankind will come shortly to discover that murder does not deserve a capital punishment any more than other crimes.

ART. VII.

Report of the trial of Richard D. Croucher, on an indictment for a rape, on Margaretta Miller, July 8, 1800. *Taken in short-hand.* 8*vo. pp.* 28. *New-York.* G. Forman. 1800.

THE above remarks are nearly as applicable to this as to the foregoing publication. The subject is a shocking one, and we were glad to get through the story.

SELECTIONS.

Remarks on various Causes which seem to affect the Climate of North-America, in those level Countries which are less influenced by Frost than the more Mountainous parts; by Col. Tatham.

IN the first part of these remarks (inserted in the last month's Magazine), I have endeavoured to take a view of such phenomena of frost as occurred to me in North-America, in hopes to obtain some degree of information concerning the means whereby it may be supposed to influence the climate of that continent: I did not deem it pertinent to involve wholly the cause of agriculture, by considering, in the same paper, what various effects are produced by frost, which have a tendency to ameliorate the soil.

It seems proper to notice other, and various causes which seem to affect the climate of the low and level countries in the southern parts of the United States; and which have a tendency to enervate the human frame, and to sap the constitution of man. Indeed, in the latter view, it is somewhat requisite to distinguish the *absolute* effects which govern the climate, from the *relative* effects of our own imprudence; for we frequently ascribe evils to climate which are imperceptible to others, because the imputation affords a kind of apology for the pleasure which we take in deceiving ourselves.

Taking thus a double view of the subject, we may class the causes which influence the climate, and which concern the health of man, under the terms *absolute* and *relative*.

In considering the local and permanent causes, which I conceive to be the chief agents which govern the climate, I venture to rank the following under the head of

Absolute causes which affect the Climate.

1. An extensive scope of level country which is subjected to the vehement heat of the sun, in consequence of a fair and open southern exposure; which is sheltered by an immense chain of mountains on the north-west, by means whereof it is prevented from enjoying those cool and purifying winds which are appropriate to higher regions on the one hand; while the course of the sea-breezes is intercepted on the other by the elevated part of the country, on which account such winds become faint and exhausted, before any considerable rarefaction of the atmosphere is produced.

2. The powerful influence of the sun, reflected vehemently by a sandy soil, which prevails throughout the greater proportion of the level countries.

3. A great extent of low and swampy country, retaining much stagnant water, from whence noxious vapours are continually exhaled by the rays of the sun; to whcih cause we may chiefly ascribe the principal intermittents, tertian, and epidemic disorders, with which the inhabitants are afflicted.

4. The hot and disagreeable effluvia which are emitted by noxious trees and weeds; and which exhale more universally from the abundant mass of decaying leaves and vegetables, during the season of autumn.

Such appear to me to be the most powerful of self-acting causes, which may be properly said to affect the climate; it follows, to view the distinction which I have drawn under the head of

Relative causes which affect the health of man.

1. An inordinate use of impure water, often charged with earthy particles, animalcula both living and dead, noxious vegetable substances, mineral and poisonous impregnations, &c.

2. A too frequent and mistaken use of ardent spirits, both imported and home-distilled; and a neglect to promote that more nourishing beverage which is to be found in malt and fermented liquors, which prove so beneficial to the health of Europeans, and which every part of America has a capacity to produce at certain seasons.

3. An incautious exposure to alternate heats and colds, wet and dry, dews, &c.

4. The attraction of the leaves, which are said, in wood-land parts, to injure the human colour; and which as reasonably may be supposed to inhale the animal juices.

5. The customary diet of salted meat, hot bread, and cold water, which is used inordinately in every possible state of the blood.

6. A common residence in their weather-boarded and single-built houses, exposed as much as possible to the heat of the sun.

It will be recollected that, in my first number on this subject, I have hinted at our mistaken habit of subscribing to the limited principles laid down by early discoverers, who have adopted an uniform mode of judging the American climates by the degrees of latitude in which places are respectively situated; without regard to the regulations of altitude, or the more mo-

dern observations of those who have become intimately acquainted with the interior position of the land. I flatter myself that new ideas will from hence arise, and that we shall be enabled, by inquiry, to give a due weight to certain absolute agents, whose co-operation adds an inherent quality or two which it is impossible to disengage, until the whole country becomes improved by a more adult state of cultivation.

To understand this topic more clearly, it will be found convenient to analize the topography which concerns it; for, although navigators and historians have informed us that the more northern latitudes of the American coast afford the most agreeable climate, and that such as is most suitable to European constitutions, yet they have left us much to learn in respect to the multitude of principles which combine in the composition of such a climate; and have given us no clue to decide whether a climate of equal salubrity does not exist in the *more elevated* regions of a southern latitude. Now, whosoever casts his eye upon a tolerable map of the American continent, will readily perceive certain circumstances in the interior of the country which cannot fail to give a salubrious air to the eastern States, if the philosophical principles which I have heretofore adduced are to be depended upon: the coasts of the continent, for instance, from the mouth of the river St. Lawrence to Sandy-Hook, southwardly, are respectively near to high land, and at no great distance from the main ridge of dividing mountains which separate the streams of the Atlantic Ocean from the waters of the river St. Lawrence: this grand sewer of the whole Canadian countries, again, is still nearer to these dividing mountains; and Lake Erie (which is the *lowest* water of the upper country) cannot be much less than three hundred feet perpendicular above the level of Lake Ontario, which is at the very head of the great river St. Lawrence. Hence it is exceedingly clear to me, that nothing impedes the free circulation of the winds, nor the action of cold, in the purification of the atmosphere.

But when we take our departure, southwardly, from the highlands of Neversink, and those of Staten-Island, we bid adieu to an elevated country, and pursue a level coast from hence to the gulf of Mexico; for the entrance to New-York is the last southern latitude where the high lands approach the sea; and from hence they take a south-western direction, in broken hills and continued high chains, until they join the Allegheny and Appalaches, and terminate among the sources of the Tombigbe and Alabama rivers on the one hand, approaching the Mississippi on the other, not very far below its confluence with the Ohio.

Now, for the better elucidation of the degrees of climate which prevail through this vast extent of level country, which is greatly sheltered from the dissipating blast by a lofty chain of hills, which describe its boundary on the one side, while the ocean adjusts its limits upon the opposite extreme, I will endeavour to give a scale of distances, as nearly as my recollection of the premises will permit me to ascertain the longitudinal admeasurements and direct lines to the sources of the respective rivers, and between the banks of the ocean and the *little* mountains, or first highland countries, which these respective lines will approach in their transit over the level lands.

A Table of direct lines, from given points upon the ocean, to the first high-land intersections; and from the mouths of the chief rivers to their sources in the principal mountains.

Places upon the coast.	N. Latitude.	Longitudinal miles to high land	River line to high land.	Miles to the Source.	Remarks.
	° ′ ″				
Neverſink	40 0 25	0	miles.		High land at ſea.
Cape Henlopen	38 0 46	125	100	200	Up Delaware river.
Cape Henry	36 0 57	200	200	250	Up James river.
Albemarle Sound	36 0 0	200	200	230	Up Roanoak river.
Cape Hatteras	35 7 50	300	150	*Hills.*	Up Neuſe river.
Cape Fear river	34 0 0	300	200	250	Up Cape Fear river.

From the latitude of Cape Fear to the southward, the country falls off still more level, and the lines of *latitude* nearly miss the highlands (a degree or two excepted); but in respect to the width of the level country, a line drawn from the mouths of the several principal rivers to their sources, may be computed at about the following distances, viz.

From the mouth of Pee Dee river to its source, 200 miles.—From the mouth of Santee river to its source, 200.—From the mouth of Savannah river to its source, 200.—From the mouth of Alatamah river to its source, 250.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Appalachicola river to its source, 300.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Alabama river to its source, 300.—From the mouth of (in the gulf of Mexico) Mississippi river, following its general course to the falls, say 1000. Ditto to its source, say 1500.

The greatest part of all these respective distances may be classed as level country; and much contained in it (without estimating the peninsula of East-Florida, which covers six degrees of latitude, from 25 to 31 inclusive), is interspersed with morasses, swamps, and lagoons, retaining many stagnant waters.

It will be hence perceived among the absolute causes which may be supposed to influence a climate, that in such a vast scope of low-situated country as I have described, it is not easy for *any* wind to make so permanent an impression as would be demanded for a complete purification of the atmosphere: for when a sea-breeze blows, it meets the resistance of the solid mass of the mountains, and must become exhausted for want of sufficient vacuum (if I may so term it) to increase its velocity, as would happen in crossing an island; and if the more elevated north-west wind blows, it must either pass over in too high an altitude to dispel the noxious vapours, or become expended in the heated atmosphere at so great a distance from the summit of frigidity, which is described in my former essay.

I apprehend the powerful influence of the sun, when reflected vehemently by the sandy soil, which composes the greater proportion of these territories, to be an agent which has no small share in the governance of the climate. Those whose heated blood has been often exposed (like mine) to journeys through its mid-day splendour, will be able to testify what is the probable effect by the experience of their own sensations.

When to this effect on the atmosphere we add the pestilential influence of noxious vapours, which continually arise from those swampy parts which are highly loaded with

stagnant impurities, I apprehend we may find other causes than a mere solstitial predominance, unto which we may venture to assign the imputation of these unwholesome climates: and, when we take into the estimate the noxious effluvia which must arise from poisonous weeds and trees, which doubtless exist abundantly amidst such innumerable variety in these extensive forests, and the quantity of vegetable matter which undergoes the annual fermentations of autumn, we shall be less surprised at the prevalency of the ague, and of those periodical fevers which make their annual appearance with the fall of the leaf, and vanish at the presence of frost.

It is however a great consolation to the inhabitants of the southern States, that the climate is found to improve with the progress of cultivation, and that a capacity for a perfect drainage, by an easy system, gives an assurance that a purification of the atmosphere will keep pace with the axe and plough.

In such a country as this, and where the middle and upper region of what I have termed the level country of the southern States, are blessed with a mild degree of temperature, and abundant streams of pure water in its natural condition, what may not be expected when the lower lands become drained, and the stagnant ponds are converted into verdant meadows?

Under all these flattering prospects is it not still to be lamented that man should remain subject to the dominion of inattention and evil habits; or that relative causes should still exist to affect his health, and that these should be mistakenly ascribed to the banefulness of the climate? There is nothing more striking to reflection, than an inattentive, inordinate use of impure *water;* yet nothing is more generally used to allay the thirst of the common labourers;* and this often in a very heated condition of the body. This element may, however, be easily cleansed and rendered salubrious, if people will but attend to it. The Chinese† put a small piece of alum in the hollow tube of a cane, which is perforated with several holes; with this instrument the muddy water is stirred a few minutes, and the earthy particles being speedily precipitated, leave the water above them pure and clear.

A more effectual method has lately been invented by Mr. Peacock, at Guildhall, for purifying water by filtration *per ascensum;* the medium made use of is approximate to that by which nature operates; and the capacity of a machine of twenty guineas price, is certified, by a committee of Captains, to whom Admiral Sir Peter Parker has lately referred the subject, to have proved capable, upon experiment, of clarifying at the rate of seven hundred gallons of turbid water in twenty-four hours. It is to be wished that such an invention as this may meet with general notice; and, particularly, in such climates as the one we are describing.

This inconvenience, however, to which the poorer people are often necessarily subjected, is no palliative for the opposite error, which is too frequently committed by those who

* Drinking cold water imprudently, is often fatal in America: even thoſe who are *ſeaſoned to the country*, are frequently, by this means, carried off with a *cholera morbus;* and the poorer claſs of emigrants, from Ireland and other parts of Europe, are ſtill greater ſufferers by it. In Philadelphia, where the wells are deep and cold, and the pumps ſtationary along the ſtreets, theſe inſtances are frequent. In 1794 I ſaw ſeveral die in the ſtreets by the pumps; and I have been told, that not leſs than fifty fell there, in one hot day, by this imprudence.

† Staunton's Embaſſy to China, Vol. ii. p. 68.

can better afford a mixture of ardent spirits; and who, too often, suffer the bewitching habit to precipitate them into bilious complaints, which are not less fatal than those which proceed from the last-mentioned impurities; yet each of them falsely and equally ascribed to the malignancy of the climate.

When it is considered that the greater part of the southern States are covered with woods, and that, in many instances, the tall grass and abundant foliage of the bushes render these almost impervious, it will be easily perceived that they afford an ample harbour for the dews; and that these, being collected in greater quantities than in the open countries of Europe, and being retained by the bushes and trees in successive heights from the ground, and bending the bushes over the roads and paths which pass from one plantation to another, whereby they wet and draggle both those on foot and upon horseback, whose occasions call them early out of doors: and when we subjoin the irregular exposures to heat and cold, wet and dry, as it may happen, to which those whose active avocations stir them much abroad must be continually subjected, we shall readily conceive a more pernicious condition than that to which the English farmer is accustomed, and may add one more relative cause to the impressions of climate. It is said further, that the frequent shade of the trees, to which the southern people are constantly subjected in passing about, produces a very visible alteration in their complexion: certain it is, that the inhabitants of those latitudes who are thus exposed, are of a more pale and delicate complexion than those who reside more northwardly; but certain it is, also, that the difference is so great between the narrow strip of land which is confined between the ocean and the river St. Lawrence, and the vast expanse between the ocean and the Mississippi, that a difference in population and improvement will be easily accounted for: I myself, who have at this day as florid a complexion as most natives of the north of England, although I have been twenty-five years exposed to continual vicissitudes in that climate, have often discovered a wonderful difference in my own countenance, while I lived in the habits and country which I have described. Added to these relations, the general mode of living is, perhaps, less natural to the human constitution, than that which is practised in England. The planters live generally upon salted meat, chiefly bacon, *hot* bread, and drink much cold spring water: those who assume a style of dissipation, make equally free with ardent spirits and Madeira wine. The national economy would, perhaps, find it turn to good account, if these fashionable foreign luxuries were bartered for home-brewed beer, and cyder, with which the country abounds; and I am persuaded this alteration would sound to the credit of the climate.

There remains yet one circumstance which has made a very forcible impression upon my mind, in regard to the imputations against the climate, although it seems to escape common observation: I mean the preference which is given to single-built wooden houses; and particularly those which are under, or do not exceed the pitch of dormant windows. These houses are constructed of weather-board plank, or of clap-boards (which are a thin kind split by malling), and nailed upon the outside of the frame, frequently without any inner ceiling or wainscoating at all; and, when the heat of the sun has made a full day's impression upon them, which the length of the night is insufficient to cool, they become a perfect

oven for the purpose of baking living animals gradually; and, so far as my experience of many restless years goes, I conceive the tossing and tumbling throughout the night to be a satisfactory proof, that a child who is destined by habit to spend his life in a clap-board house, begins to die, by inches as it were, from the moment in which he is born.

On the contrary, I have no doubt that life may be greatly prolonged in these climates by the adoption of double houses, with thick walls of brick or stone, which will thus resist the impression of the sun, and leave always a cool part to retire to. I have had a satisfactory proof of this fact, by two years residence in the building called the capitol, at Richmond in Virginia, where I have known the thermometer at one hundred and eight degrees: and, what gives an advantage to this kind of building is, that they are free from those damps which are experienced in England.

Account of the Swedish Island of St. Bartholomew, in the West-Indies.

ST. Bartholomew is a small island, belonging to Sweden, in the West Indies, lying at a little distance from St. Eustatia and St. Christopher. A Swedish writer gives the following account of it, in a publication entitled, "*A Voyage to the Islands of St. Martin, St. Eustatia, and St. Christopher; undertaken at the expense of the Academy of Sciences at Stockholm.*"

The island of St. Bartholomew is about four leagues in length, and a league in breadth. Although it abounds with mountains, it is entirely destitute, not only of lakes and rivers, but even of springs. The inhabitants preserve the rain-water in cisterns; but are nevertheless obliged to procure water from St. Christopher, for which they often pay twelve livres per ton.

The only port in the island, is *Le Carenage*, near which stands *Gustavia*, the sole town in the colony. This port is situated on the western side, and has excellent moorings. Vessels, indeed, that draw more than nine feet, cannot enter it; but it will contain a hundred vessels, an advantage that is not to be found either at St. Eustatia, or St. Christopher. The bay of *Colombier* is deep enough for large ships; but it has no town on its banks. *Le Carenage* had no town belonging to it before the island was in possession of Sweden.

The climate is in general healthy; but, at certain times of the year, the weather is variable. During nine months it is very pleasant; for, though the sun is burning, there is generally a breeze that cools and purifies the air, and is extremely refreshing. If it were not for this almost constant breeze, the climate would be unhealthy. Hurricanes prevail from the middle of July, till the middle of October, during which time the wind changes so rapidly as to visit every point of the compass within ten or twelve minutes.

The population of the island is much increased since it belonged to Sweden. At Gustavia are to be found Swedes, English, French, Danes, Americans, and Jews.—With the exception of a very few, the planters are French. The food of the negroes here is so scanty as, in many cases, to be insufficient for nourishment; and their cloathing is wretched, indeed it can scarcely be called such, leaving the body exposed to all the evils it can encounter from nakedness, and, among the rest, to the juice of the *mancemillier*, which corrodes and burns the flesh like *aqua-fortis*.

The stature of the inhabitants varies according to the different nations from which they are sprung. The natives of the country are strong and robust, but more especially the men. The women are comparatively slight and feeble, which is the effect of the indolent lives they lead. They are never employed in any kind of labour, and remain in a sitting posture during the greater part of the day. If any thing happens to fall from their hand, they call a slave to take it up; and slaves are constantly employed to keep off the flies and insects that would incommode them. The natives are very little subject to illness, and generally live to an old age.

Fresh provisions, flour, dried fish, and salted meat are brought from the continent of America to this island: and the sea furnishes it with fish of various kinds. They have wheaten bread here, besides a kind of bread peculiar to the country.

The houses are made of wood, and there are but a few that have the lower part of stone. Some of them are raised upon four stone pillars, so that the wind can pass underneath. The windows are simply openings in the wall, with window-shutters, or lattices.

St. Bartholomew, as well as the neighbouring islands, is a magazine for American and European merchandize. Vessels arrive daily to deliver their cargoes, and take in others. The plantations that abound the most there, are those of cotton, which succeed very well. The practice of the planters is, to sow four or five grains of the seed in a hole, and when the plants appear, they pluck all up but the strongest. After the first crop they cut down the branches, and the plant pushes out new shoots which bear like the original stem; but, after the second crop, the seeds must be again sown. Aloes are planted round the plantations for fences; they are placed in a straight line, and as close together as possible. When these fences have arrived at maturity, they are impenetrable, either by men or animals. The aloe grows to a great height, and spreads very much, the leaves being often from four to five feet in length. When the aloe has blossomed and borne fruit, it dies; but the planters take care to prevent any void in the fence.

Law-suits, in general, are determined in this island according to the Swedish code. There are cases, however, in which the custom of India is followed. As to the punishments inflicted on slaves, almost every proprietor has a different method. The slaves, scarcely receiving nourishment to keep them alive, overburthened with labour, and daily receiving strokes of the whip, frequently desert; in which case, the proprietor has a right to inflict discretionary punishment on the slave he recovers. On ordinary occasions, the culprit is laid upon his face on the ground, stripped quite naked, with his hands tied to the wheels of a cannon, and his feet extended and bound to two posts. He who inflicts the punishment, is armed with a whip from twelve to fourteen feet in length, but with a very short handle: he places himself at some distance, and, at every stroke, produces a noise like the report of a pistol; and long stripes of skin, and frequently of the flesh itself, are torn off by the whip. The punishment extends to thirty, fifty, and sometimes a hundred lashes.

The Negroes excel in dances, which consist of a great variety of figures and movements of the body, that it is difficult, and almost impossible, for Europeans to imitate; even Creoles attain them with great difficulty, while the Negroes easily learn European dances. On the last

Sunday of every month battles are fought with cocks, which occasion considerable betting.

The coins used in this island are the moidore and the piastre; they have also a fictitious money, called the pisovett, which is worth something more than two thirds of a piastre, and a small silver coin called a dogg, and a coin called a bitt, of the value of six doggs. The piastres are the most in use. The inhabitants frequently cut them into two or four parts. When they are divided into four pieces, two of them are always larger than the others; the larger are of the value of three bitts, and the smaller of two bitts and a half.

The author finishes his account with a very long and circumstantial catalogue of the natural productions of the island, which are much more numerous than would be imagined.

On the Method of extracting the different kinds of Turpentine, Galipot, Colophony, &c. By M. Monenglane.

THE pine from which these substances are extracted, is never fit for this operation till it be thirty years of age. The extraction is begun in February, and continued to the end of October. Incisions are made with an hatchet, beginning at the foot of the tree on one side, and rising successively: they are repeated once or twice a week, the size about one finger's breadth across, and three or four inches long. During the four years in which it is continued, the incisions have risen to about eight or nine feet. Then the incisions are begun on the other side, and during this time the old ones fill up, and may be again opened after some years, so that a tree on a good soil, and well managed, may yield turpentine for a century. At the bottom of the tree, under the incision, a hole is dug in the ground to receive the resin which flows from the tree. This resin is called *terebinthine brut*, is of a milky colour, and is that which flows during the three summer months; it requires further purification.

The winter crop is called *harras galipot*, or white resin: it sticks to the bark of the tree, when the heat has not been strong enough to let it flow into the trough in the ground. It is scraped off with iron knives.

Purification of the Turpentine.

This is done in two methods: that at Bayonne is to have a copper cauldron which will hold 300lb. of materials fixed over a fire, and the flame circulating at the bottom of the copper. The turpentine is put in, melted with a gentle heat, and, when liquid, it is strained through a straw basket, made for the purpose, and stretched over a barrel, which receives the strained turpentine. This purification gives it a golden colour, and may be performed at all times of the year.

The second manner, which is practised only in the mountain of De Buch, near Bordeaux, consists in having a large tub, seven or eight feet square, and pierced with small holes at the bottom, set upon another tub to catch the liquor. This is exposed to the hottest sun for the whole day, filled two-thirds with turpentine, which, as it melts, falls through the holes, and leaves the impurities behind. This pure turpentine is less golden coloured, and is much more esteemed than the other. This process can only be done in the summer.

Oil of Turpentine. (Huile essentielle de Terebinthine.)

An alembic, with a worm like what is used by the distillers, is employed here. It generally contains

a 50lb. of turpentine, which is boiled gently, and kept at the boiling point till no more oil passes, when the fire is damped. This generally gives 60lb. of oil, and the operation lasts one day.

Residue of this Distillation.

The boiling turpentine, when it will give no more oil, is tapped off from the still and flows into a tub, and from thence into a mould of sand, which it fills, and is suffered to cool for at least two days without disturbing it. This residue is known under the name of *bray-sec*, or colophony, *colophonie*. It is of a brown colour and very dry. It may be made clearer and nearer in colour to that of the resin, by adding hot water to it before it is tapped off the still, and still boiling and stirring the water well with it, which is done with a besom of wet straw; and it is then sold for rosin, but is little esteemed, as it contains no essential oil.

Purification of the Galipot.

This is purified in the same manner as the turpentine, *i. e.* by liquefying in a copper boiler by a gentle heat, and filtering through straw. As the essential oil is not distilled from it afterwards, it remains constantly of a thick consistence, and then takes the name of Yellow or Burgundy Pitch, *Poix Jaune, Poix de Bourgogne.*

Yellow Rosin. (Resin Jaune.)

This is made with galipot, and in the same vessel. It is liquified with a gentle heat, being often stirred to prevent burning, and evaporated to the requisite consistence, and passed through a straw filter. It is then black, but this colour is taken away by adding to it eight or ten pints of boiling water, and stirring it constantly till cold. It acquires, by this operation, the fine yellow colour for which it is so much esteemed. It is then cast into moulds for sale.

Black Pitch. (Poix Noire.)

This is made out of the refuse of rosin and turpentine, such as will not pass through the straw filter, and the cuttings around the incision on the tree. These materials are put into a boiler, six or seven feet in circumference, and eight or ten high. Fuel is laid around the top, and the materials, as they melt, flow through a channel cut in the fire-place into a tub half filled with water. It is at that time very red, and almost liquid. To give this a proper consistence, it is put in a cauldron placed in a furnace, and boiled down in the same manner as rosin, but it requires much less precaution, and double the time. It is then poured into moulds of earth, and forms the best kind of black pitch, *poix noire.*

Bray Gras and Bastard Pitch. (Poix batarde.)

Bray Gras is a mixture of equal parts of *bray sec*, or colophony of black pitch and tar, *(goudron.)* They are boiled down together and put into barrels of pine wood, forming a substance of a very liquid consistence, and called *bray gras.* If, on the contrary, it is desired of a thicker consistence, a greater proportion of colophony is added, and it is cast in moulds. It is then called *poix batarde.*

Hence it appears that there are three kinds of pitch in commerce, of which the first *(poix noire)* should be preferred for pharmacy, being blacker and more brittle.

Tar. (Gourdon.)

To make tar, trees already exhausted by incisions are taken, the wood is cut in small pieces and suffered to dry. They are generally cut in the winter and not used till the summer, that season being the

best for making tar. The wood thus prepared, is put on the hearth of a furnace of the shape of a truncated cone, and piled up in a conical heap, and on the outside of the centre cone another heap, inclosing the former, and so on till the fire-place is full, when the top is covered with turf, and the wood kindled on all sides. As it heats, its resin filters downwards upon the hearth of the fire-place, and is collected in a hollow in the middle, whence a subterranean passage leads to an external reservoir. This tar is called *goudron de Chalosse*, because it is packed up in barrels made of chesnut wood, which come from that place.

Seven or eight days are required for each operation.

Tar is also procured, and with more advantage, from the roots and suckers of the same trees. It is made in the same manner, and is more esteemed, but it requires that these roots should lie exposed to the air for ten or twelve years after they are cut.

There is also another way of making tar from larger pieces of wood, about five of six feet long. The pitch-furnace is filled with them, and they are then set on fire, but this tar is less esteemed than the other, being harder. This method is, therefore, only used when there is not wood enough to fill the tar-furnace.

Method of preparing Cheese in the Lodesan, commonly called Parmesan Cheese. Annales de Chimie.

THE size of these cheeses varies from sixty to one hundred and eighty pounds, depending considerably on the number of cows in each dairy.

During the heat of summer, cheese is made every day; but, in the cooler months, milk will keep longer, and cheese is made every other day. The summer cheese, which is the best, is made of the evening milk, after having been skimmed in the morning and at noon; mixed with the morning milk after having been skimmed at noon. Both kinds of milk are poured together into a copper cauldron, capable of holding about one hundred and thirty gallons, of the shape of an inverted bell, and suspended on the arm of a lever, so as to be moved off and on the fire at pleasure. In this cauldron the milk is gradually heated to the temperature of about one hundred and twenty degrees; it is now removed from the fire, and kept quiet for five or six minutes. When all internal motion has ceased, the *rennet* is added; this substance is composed of the stomach of a calf, fermented together with wheaten meal and salt; and the method of using it is to tie a piece of the size of a hazle-nut in a rag, and steep it in the milk, squeezing it from time to time. In a short time a sufficient quantity of rennet passes through the rag into the milk, which is now to be well stirred, and afterwards left at rest to coagulate.

In about an hour the coagulation is complete, and then the milk is again put over the fire, and raised to a temperature of about one hundred and forty-five degrees. During all the time it is heating, the mass is briskly agitated till the curd separates in small lumps; part of the whey is then taken out, and a few pinches of saffron are added to the remainder, in order to colour it. When the curd is thus broken sufficiently small, nearly the whole of the whey is taken out, and two pails full of cold water are poured in; the temperature is thus lowered, so as to enable the dairy-man to collect the curd by passing a cloth beneath it, and gathering it up at

the corners: the curd is now pressed into a frame of wood, like a bushel without a bottom, placed on a solid table, and covered by a round piece of wood with a great stone at the top. In the course of the night it cools, assumes a firm consistence, and parts with the whey: the next day one side is rubbed with salt, and the succeeding day the cheese is turned, and the other side rubbed in the same manner: this alternate salting of each side is practised for about forty days. After this period, the outer crust of the cheese is pared off, the fresh surface is varnished with linseed oil, the convex side is coloured red, and the cheese is fit for sale.

Private life of WASHINGTON.

IT was his custom to rise at dawn of day, and to read or write until breakfast; which he usually made on three small hoe cakes, and as many dishes of tea: From breakfast until his hour of dressing for dinner, he usually employed in visiting his different farms. He commonly dined on a single dish, and drank five or six glasses of wine: this, with a glass of punch or beer, and tea before sun-down, constituted his whole sustenance until next day. His table was daily prepared for company, whether he had them or not.—After dinner, it was his custom to pass an hour at table in convivial conversation. He perfectly relished a sally of wit, or a pleasant story, and after this sociable and innocent relaxation, he applied himself to business until about nine o'clock, when he retired to rest. This was his family rotine; but when company were present, he politely attended them until they wished to withdraw. Much of his time was necessarily devoted to the literary characters both in Europe and America, who were ambitious of his correspondence, as well as to the perusal of newspapers, periodical publications, and other literary productions, sent him by the authors on both sides of the Atlantic; and to the investigation of natural curiosities and mechanical inventions, submitted for his approbation: with the utmost benignity did he take notice of this vast variety of subjects, which claimed his attention.

The following curious Account was given by Lyman Spalding, the Chemical Professor at Dartmouth College, to the Editor of a Gazette. He vouches for the truth of every particular, and adds, that this strangely assorted Family has since been sold for 118 *dollars, and been sent to Europe.*

THE RAT.

"*The Lion shall lie down with the Lamb, and Nations learn war no more.*"

A FEW weeks since, a Mr. Shortridge, of Dartmouth, (N. H.) found a nest of young rats, four of which were milk white, the others of the common colour. Two of the white ones are now kept in a cage; they very much resemble the wesel; their eyes are of the garnet red, but whether this be owing to disease, from their unnatural situation and aliment, I cannot say—they are now nearly half grown, very sprightly, and really beautiful.

One from the same nest, but of the common colour, was given to a cat with young kittens; she took it up very carefully in her mouth, and carried it into her box; the young rat, allured to the breast by the scent of the milk, partook of nourishment from its natural enemy the cat, whose ferocious heart

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was melted by the innocent and helpless orphan, to foster it as one of her natural offspring. She now takes the utmost care of it, washing, playing with, and suckling it as one of her kittens; the rat acknowledges her, and flees to her for refuge and protection; when taken from the box she follows, takes it up in her mouth, carrying it in again. The young rat and kittens play together in the greatest harmony, shewing no inimical disposition, though they sometimes quarrel for their birth-right; the young rat sets on your hand, washes itself, and adjusts its hair with the utmost familiarity. But still it is the rat, he looks and peeps about for small holes and crevices, in which he is very fond of skulking.

MISCELLANEOUS ARTICLES OF LITERARY AND PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Domestic.

WE learn that proposals are issued by Mr. Woodward, of Philadelphia, for publishing a fourth volume, as a supplement to the third volume of the works of Dr. Witherspoon, already printed, agreeable to his original proposal. This supplementary volume will contain Dr. W's "Lectures on Theology," and several pieces never before published.

Dr. Barton has published his "Memoir concerning the Disease of the Goitre, as it prevails in different parts of North-America," in a pamphlet containing about ninety pages 8vo.

Culture of the Vine in the U. States.

During fifteen years, Peter Legaux, of Springmill, thirteen miles N. N. W. of Philadelphia, has been engaged in cultivating vines. He propagates the kinds which, in France, produce the Champagne, Burgundy, and Bourdeaux wines; and that which, at the Cape of Good Hope, affords the Constantia wine. In the year 1793, he had his first vintage from the three former, which are now naturalized to the American soil. Mr. Legaux declares it as the result of his experience, that the 40th degree of latitude N. on the atlantic side of America, in point of vegetation and general temperature, is like the 48th or 49th in Europe. His vines have so thriven and increased, that they have afforded not only liquors to drink, but, at this time, they abound with shoots for cuttings, to plant and rear other vineyards. For the purpose of encouraging the cultivation of vines, the Legislature of Pennsylvania, on the 7th of March, 1800, passed an act, appointing fifteen Commissioners to procure subscriptions for raising a capital in shares, to be applied to the furtherance of this object. After one thousand shares are subscribed, the company is to be incorporated. Each share is fixed at twenty dollars. The Commissioners express their conviction, that the Americans have it in their power to supply themselves with wine of their own growth, equal in strength and flavour, and superior in wholesomeness and purity, to any which they can import. The means by which they are attempting to accomplish this are, first, by raising in their own vineyards a constant supply of the plants, of the best species of vines, to be distributed abundantly, and on easy terms, throughout the country. Secondly, by training

a number of vine-dressers, who, having acquired the necessary skill, shall be capable of attending to, and teaching the cultivation of the vine, in any part of the country to which they may be called; and giving instruction in the arts of making wine, brandy, and vinegar, from the juice of the grape.

Perpetual Sea-Log, for determining, with greater certainty, the Longitude.

A machine has been invented, by Mr. Gould, for measuring, with more correctness than by the common log, the velocity of a ship's passage through the water. It is constructed entirely of brass, and consists of a hollow cylinder, thro' which the water can flow with the greatest ease; in the centre of which is hung an axis, with three arms and wings, fixed to such a degree of obliquity, that they are made to revolve by the pressure of the water on their sides as it passes through. The motion thus produced is communicated to a connection of wheels and pinions, turning slower and slower, in rates so proportioned, that one revolution of the first measures 1-10th of a sea-mile—of the second, one whole mile—of the third, ten miles—and of the fourth, one hundred miles, &c. in a decimal ratio. This invention is said to obviate all objections made to the common log, except as to the measurement of currents, and to be little liable to get out of order. As it is kept continually overboard, all that is necessary is to take it in for inspection at every new course. A patent has been obtained for it.

Patent for diminishing Expense and Friction in Machines, by means of Lead.

Letters patent have been recently obtained by William Shotwell, of Bridgetown, New-Jersey, for his discovery of a repulsive power in lead, and in alloys of lead and tin, whereby they are less subjected to wear and waste by friction than iron and the harder metals are. The patentee proposes to avail himself of this repellant quality of lead, to lessen attrition and cost in the blocks of pullies, in the boxes of carriage-wheels, in the supports for mill-gudgeons, and in similar cases. Experiments which have been made, warrant the belief that Mr. Shotwell's discovery may be applied to a multitude of useful purposes.

Peculiarity of the Male Parent manifesting itself in his Offspring.

A man lately resided in New-York, who, besides the *four* fingers belonging to the human hand, possessed, on each hand, a fifth, which was connected with the hand at the junction of the little-finger to the metacarpal bone. From this spot it grew out laterally at about a right angle from the outside of the hand and from the little-finger. It was smaller than that finger, but was furnished with a nail. The wife of this man was a healthy woman, without any bodily peculiarity; yet, the children she bore, though healthy and well-made in other respects, had the *monstrous appendages* to their hands, in the same places, and after the same manner, that their father had.

Specimen of Sulphureous Minerals from the Solfatarra.

The Mineralogical Society of New-York has received several specimens from Italy, which illustrate the formation of strata of gypsum. 1. Amorphous native brimstone. 2. Crystallized sulphur. 3. Brimstone mingled with calcareous earth, in the form of a sulphure of lime, or calcareous hepar. 4. Oxygenated sulphur combined with lime into a true plaster-stone, or gypsum. In this latter are still to be seen bits

of sulphur in their native state, not yet acidified, and filling up the holes of the plaster of Paris. Thus, in this series of specimens, can it be seen how strata of *carbonate of lime*, or common limestone, in the Solfatarra, shall, by the oxygenation of the sulphur in its immediate vicinity, part with its fixed air by the powerful attraction of another acid, and turn to a *sulphate of lime*, or plaster of Paris.

Facts in Natural History—noted during the Summer and Autumn of 1799, *by S. L. M.*

1. *A Locust-Tree putting forth Blossoms a second time, after having been struck with Lightning.*

A locust-tree (robinia pseud-acacia), after flowering-time, was struck with lightning. The stroke was very violent, and, apparently, deprived it of life. The leaves withered, and the foot-stalks dropped off. After some days, however, the tree shewed tokens of returning animation, and new buds began to unfold. From these buds a fresh crop of leaves proceeded; and, what was exceedingly remarkable, such was the peculiar condition of this tree, *that a second set of blossoms made their appearance, many weeks after the first had withered and been shed by this and the neighbouring ones.* Since this second exertion, which, it was apprehended, would have exhausted the remaining powers of the tree, it continued to sprout and grow annually, and was in a thrifty condition three years after the accident.

2. *Regeneration of the Bark of Apple-Trees.*

In general, to strip off the bark of trees is to kill them: and yet there is a time of the year when apple-trees (pyrus malus) may be peeled from their roots to their boughs, on all sides, without sustaining any damage from the operation. The experiment was made this season (1799), upon one of my apple-trees, whose whole body was deprived of its covering of bark, and whose branches, nevertheless, retained all their leaves and fruit. It is now two months since the tree was laid bare, and an entire new coat of bark has been formed, which invests the wood on every side; and it appears as healthy and vigorous as ever. The season for doing this, is when the days are longest—that is, towards the end of June. A tree, peeled last summer, has lived over the long and severe winter of 1798-9, and is in no respect injured. Another, which was denuded in June, this year, has re-produced its bark completely (September), and is as full of fruit and leaves as if nothing had been done to it. There is no doubt that an orchard might be treated in this manner with perfect safety, if the operation was well-timed. The farmers say it will make old trees young again. But I own, though I have several times been witness of the harmlessness of the practice, it looks to me still like a very violent and hazardous remedy. The experiment, however, demonstrates a most remarkable power in the vegetable economy. Whether other trees may be thus decorticated with safety, I have not yet learned.

3. *Retrograde Motion of Sap in a Wild Cherry-Tree.*

On my farm, two wild cherry-trees (prunus virginiana) grew within two feet of each other. The body of one of these trees was forked, and a branch of the other grew between the ramifications. In the progress of vegetation the three boughs came into contact, and grew fast together. The inosculation was so complete, that the foreign branch appeared to have united firmly with the tree by

which it was embraced at the bifurcation. To show whether or not this was truly the case, the tree with which the branch of the other had formed this connection, was *girdled*, or deprived of a ring of bark near its root. The part of the tree below the girdle died, and the roots soon became juiceless; but the top continued to grow, and to bear leaves and fruit for several years after; its nourishment being furnished wholly from the foster-branch deriving sap from its own neighbouring trunk, and supplying the tree with which it was now consolidated. But this was not all: the distance from the place of the branch's insertion in the body of the tree to the place where it was girdled, was about eight feet; yet, down to that place, or a little above it, the body continued to live and grow, and to put forth shoots. This must have been caused by a retrograde motion of the sap, through all that distance from the point of the union between the branches above. Something of the same kind has been known to happen in other trees.

4. *On the Multiplicative Power of Fishes.*

In 1790, Uriah Mitchill, Esq. High Sheriff of Queen's County, and myself, went to Rockonkoma Pond, in Suffolk County, a distance of about forty miles, in a waggon. The object of our journey was to transport, alive, some of the *yellow perch*, with which this body of water abounds, to Success Pond, in the town of North-Hempstead. We took about three dozen of those which had been wounded most superficially by the hook, and were so fortunate as to dismiss all of them but two, into Success Pond, in a condition vigorous enough to swim away. We were enabled to do this by filling a very large churn with the water of Rockonkoma Pond, and putting so few fishes into it, that there was no necessity of changing it on the road, and afterwards driving steadily on a walk the whole distance, without stopping to refresh either man or horse. In two years these few fishes multiplied so fast, and became so numerous, that they might be caught with the hook in any part of the water, which is about a mile in circumference! What prodigious increase in their new situation! Whereas, if they had remained in the water of their nativity, already stocked very full, their offspring would have been comparatively inconsiderable. So true it is of these, as well as of human and other animals, that nothing limits their increase and multiplication but the want of subsistence. When Success Pond is supplied with as many yellow perch as it can feed, either there will be fewer eggs spawned and hatched, or, of these little creatures, a smaller proportion will become grown fishes. A vast number of them, like the children of the Chinese and other fully-stocked nations, must perish for want of food, and thereby their multiplication must be limited.

Professor Rush has lately succeeded in curing a boy of epilepsy, by giving him two grains of saccharum saturni (acetate of lead) three times a day. He has, besides, suspended the fits for several weeks, by the same dose of that medicine, in two patients in the Pennsylvania Hospital. By creating some disorder in the bowels, the remedy was prevented from being increased in the latter cases, and the ultimate success of it was thereby, in all probability, disappointed.

Mr. Lindley Murray, a native of this city, now a resident at York, in Great-Britain, has published several elementary works, which have re-

ceived very merited commendation from the British reviewers. Among these we particularly notice his "English Grammar," which is well calculated to aid those in the study of the English language who have not acquired a knowledge of Greek and Latin; and is useful to all who wish to possess an accurate knowledge of the English tongue. For the use of younger classes, Mr. Murray has published "An Abridgement of the English Grammar." Connected with his scheme of inſtruction, Mr. M. has also publiſhed a book of "Exercises," and a key or explanation of the same, and a very judicious and useful compilation, entitled, "The English Reader," or Pieces in Proſe and Poetry, &c.

These useful performances we should be glad to see introduced into the schools of the United States, and generally used in the instruction of youth.

Foreign.

PROFESSOR Ebeling, of Hamburg, has lately published a Map of the State of New-York. Though it is in some respects defective, owing to the want of correct materials, yet great industry and care, in making the best use of what he had, are manifest in every part. This learned and indefatigable gentleman, we understand, is going on with his great work, the "Geography and History of the American States." We lament that this work, so judiciously and ably executed, and containing such a fund of information respecting our country, should be, in a great measure, lost to a large portion of our citizens for want of being translated. Professor E. in this work, began with the eastern States, and has reached, in his course, as far southward as the State of Maryland. We believe he has published a number of maps, designed to accompany his Geography and History; but we have seen only two, that of New-York, above-mentioned, and another of the Province of Maine.

In France, as in England, there have been disputes, without end, as to the commencement of the 18th century. Lalande, the astronomer, has been applied to on the occaſion, by a number of persons. He endeavours, in the following manner, to put an end to the question, which he says was equally agitated at the end of the last century. "Many persons," says he, "imagine that, because after having counted seventeen they count eighteen, that the century must be changed; but this is an illusion: for, when a hundred pounds are to be counted, we must pass from ninety-nine and we arrive at a hundred; we have changed the ten before we have finished the hundred." "Whatever kind of calculation," he adds, "is to be made, we commence by one, and finish by one hundred: nobody has ever thought of beginning at 0 and finishing by 99:" thus he concludes the year 1800 to belong incontestably to the eighteenth, or old century. In the year 1700, several pamphlets were published on a similar contest: the astronomer obſerves that he has four of them in his library, and they are, most probably, not all that were written upon it.

POETRY.

SONNET *to* JOHN DAVIS.

By CHICK-WILLOW.

WHENCE, and what art thou, ſolitary wight?
Skulking ſweet Cooſohatchie's *groves among*,
When eve drags down the curtain of the night,
And every little chirper holds his tongue.
Haply ſome bard, who, hopeleſs of renown,
Since men to praiſe thy rhymes will not ſubſcribe,
Moſt wiſely ſhun'ſt the tuneleſs, taſteleſs town,
To chaunt thy ſonnets to the owling tribe.
Oh! how Chick-Willow loves to hear thee ſing,
Yet weeps to think he can no longer ſtay,
For hark! the humming beetle's on the wing,
And hunger calls me to the chaſe away;
For I, this live-long day, as I'm a ſinner,
Like thee, perchance, poor bard! have eat no dinner.

SONG *of* ROLAND.

From the Norman French.

By Dr. BURNEY.

LET ev'ry valiant ſon of Gaul
Sing Roland's deeds, her greateſt glory,
Whoſe name will ſtouteſt foes appal,
And feats inſpire for future ſtory.
Roland in childhood had no fears,
Was full of tricks, nor knew a letter,
Which, tho' it coſt his mother tears,
His father cried, "So much the better:
"We'll have him for a ſoldier bred,
"His ſtrength and courage let us nouriſh,
"If bold the heart, though wild the head,
"In war he'll but the better flouriſh."
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland, arriv'd at man's eſtate,
Prov'd that his father well admoniſh'd;
For then his proweſs was ſo great,
That all the world became aſtoniſh'd.
Battalions, ſquadrons, he could break,
And ſingly give them ſuch a beating,
That, ſeeing him, whole armies quake,
And nothing think of but retreating.
Let ev'ry, &c.

In ſingle combat 'twas the ſame:
To him all foes were on a level;
For ev'ry one he overcame,
If giant, ſorc'rer, monſter, devil.
His arm no danger e'er could ſtay,
Nor was the goddeſs Fortune fickle;
For if his foe he did not ſlay,
He left him in a rueful pickle.
Let ev'ry, &c.

In ſcaling walls, with higheſt glee,
He firſt the ladder fixt, then mounted;
Let him, my boys, our model be,
Who men or perils never counted.
At night, with ſcouts he watch would keep,
With heart more gay than one in million,
Or elſe on knapſack ſounder ſleep
Than general in his proud pavilion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

On ſtubborn foes he vengeance wreak'd,
And laid about him like a Tartar,
But if for mercy once they ſqueak'd,
He was the firſt to grant them quarter.
The battle won, of Roland's ſoul
Each milder virtue took poſſeſſion;
To vanquiſh'd foes he o'er a bowl
His heart ſurrender'd at diſcretion.
Let ev'ry, &c.

When aſk'd why Frenchmen wield the brand,
And dangers new each day ſolicit,
He ſaid, 'tis Charlemagne's command,
To whom our duty is implicit:
His miniſters and choſen few,
No doubt have weigh'd theſe things in private,
Let us his enemies ſubdue,
'Tis all that ſoldiers e'er ſhould drive at.
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland like Chriſtian true would live,
Was ſeen at maſs and in proceſſion;
And freely to the poor would give,
Nor did he always ſhun confeſſion.

But biſhop Turpin had decreed
(His counſel in each weighty matter)
That 'twas a good and pious deed
His country's foes to drub and ſcatter.
Let ev'ry, &c.

At table Roland ever gay,
Would eat, and drink, and laugh, and rattle,
But all was in a prudent way
On days of guard, or eve of battle.
For ſtill to king and country true
He held himſelf their conſtant debtor,
And only drank in ſeaſon due,
When to tranſact he'd nothing better.
Let ev'ry, &c.

To captious blades he ne'er would bend,
Who quarrels fought on ſlight pretences;
Though he, to ſocial joys a friend,
Was ſlow to give or take offences.
None e'er had cauſe his arm to dread
But thoſe who wrong'd his prince or nation,
On whom whene'er to combat led
He dealt out death and devaſtation.
Let ev'ry, &c.

Roland too much ador'd the fair,
From whom e'en heroes are defenceleſs,
And by a queen of beauty rare
He all at once was render'd ſenſeleſs.
One hapleſs morn ſhe left the knight,
Who, when he miſs'd her, grew quite frantic:
Our pattern let him be in fight;
His love was ſomewhat too romantic.
Let ev'ry, &c.

His mighty uncle, Charles the Great,
Who Rome's imperial ſceptre wielded,
Both early dignity and ſtate
With high command to Roland yielded.
Yet though a Gen'ral, Count, and Peer,
Roland's kind heart all pride could ſmother,
For each brave man from van to rear
He treated like a friend and brother.
Let ev'ry, &c.

SONNET.

By Miſs Seward.

IN ſultry noon, when youthful Milton lay,
Supinely ſtretch'd beneath the poplar ſhade,
Lur'd by his form, a fair Italian maid
Steals from her loitering chariot to ſurvey
The ſlumbering charms, that all her ſoul betray.
Then, as coy fears th' admiring gaze upbraid,
Starts;—and theſe lines, with hurried pen pourtray'd
Slides in his half-clos'd hand;—and ſpeeds away.—
"Ye eyes, ye human ſtars!—if, thus conceal'd
By Sleep's ſoft veil, ye agitate my heart,
Ah! what had been its conflict if reveal'd
Your rays had ſhone!"—Bright Nymph, thy ſtrains impart
Hopes, that impel the graceful Bard to rove,
Seeking thro' Tuſcan Vales his viſionary Love.

SONNET

To the Inſect of the Goſſamer.

By Charlotte Smith.

SMALL, viewleſs æronaut, that by the line
Of Goſſamer ſuſpended, in mid air
Float'ſt on a ſun beam—Living atom, where
Ends thy breeze-guided voyage;—with what deſign
In æther doſt thou launch thy form minute,
Mocking the eye?—Alas! before the veil
Of denſer clouds ſhall hide thee, the purſuit
Of the keen ſwift may end thy fairy ſail!—
Thus on the golden thread that Fancy weaves
Buoyant, as Hope's illuſive flattery breathes,
The young and viſionary poet leaves
Life's dull realities, while ſevenfold wreaths
Of rainbow-light around his head revolve.
Ah! ſoon at Sorrow's touch the radiant dreams diſſolve!